

PLUCK AND LUCK

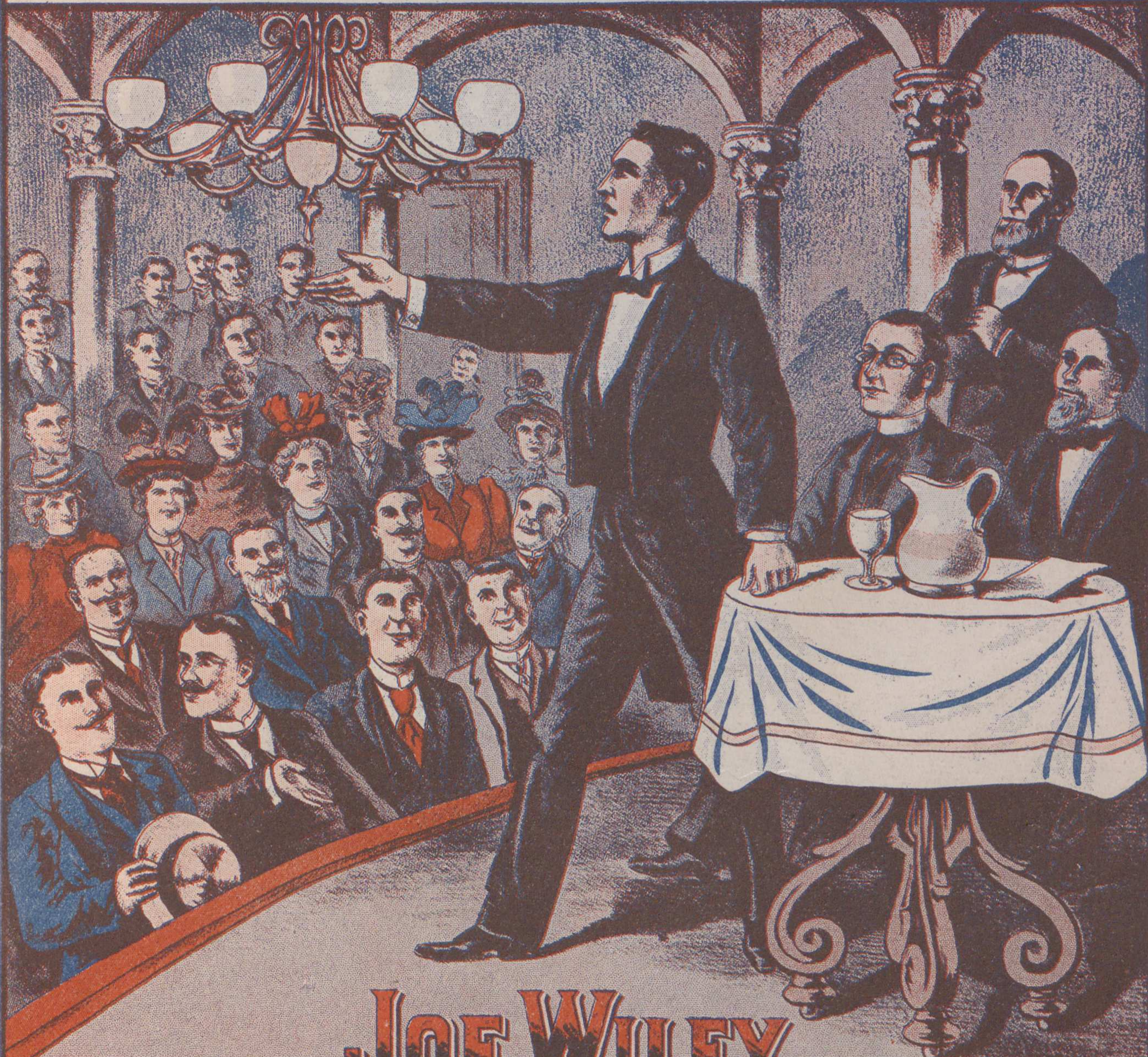
COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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JOE WILEY

THE YOUNG TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

BY JNO. B. DOWD. *AND OTHER STORIES*

His very first sentence attracted and kept the attention of the immense audience. His voice had a clear, ringing tone that reached to every corner of the great hall.

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Stories of Adventure

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CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG LECTURER AND HIS DOUBLE.

It has been said that when old Dame Nature places her stamp on a man's face, she does it to give an index of his worth. But when she places the same stamp on two different natures, she may justly be accused of false pretenses.

It is a shame to put the face of a saint on that of a sinner, and still worse to inflict on a sinner the sanctimonious physiognomy of a truly good man.

Dick Wild and Aleck Holmes, two young men who were given to rackets that saints abhorred, were walking down the streets of New York one day, when the former suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"Great demijohns!"

"Well, that's good," remarked his companion; "what is it?"

"By the shining angel!"

"That's still better, if she's a real live girl," commented Aleck. "Of course, she has wings and all that."

"That beats my racket," and Dick stood gazing at an immense poster on a bill-poster's board. "Just look at that, Aleck."

Aleck looked and saw on the poster a life-size picture of a young man's face.

It was a handsome and very expressive face, with a promise of an immense amount of life and vivacity behind it.

Beneath the picture were the words:

"MR. JOSEPH WILEY."

"The young temperance lecturer will speak at Cooper Union to-night. Come and hear the most eloquent speaker of the age!"

"Well, what of it?" he asked. "It's nothing but a temperance meeting, where a lot of people publicly abuse what they privately cherish."

Aleck Holmes was a cynic.

"But I know that fellow," said Dick.

"The deuce you do!"

"Yes, and he's a jolly good fellow, too."

"How can that be, if he is a temperance lecturer?"

"Temperance be hanged! Why, he can get away with more whisky than any man of his size in New York."

"Oh, they all drink more or less on the sly," commented Aleck, with a philosophical air and tone.

"But this Joe Wiley doesn't. He marches up to the bar like a man, treats the crowd, and pays the bill like a prince."

"And he a temperance lecturer?"

"Yes; I know his face. He gave me the meanest drunk on Saturday night that I ever had in my life. I heard him say that he was going to lecture on temperance, but I didn't believe it."

Aleck Holmes looked at the face and became interested.

"I'm going to hear him," said Dick, "for if he can speak as well as he can drink, he can beat Murphy and not half try."

"I'll go with you; but see here, no signing of the pledge, remember."

"Catch me doing that!" And the two young men resumed their walk downtown.

Two or three blocks further down they entered a popular saloon to take a drink.

Quite a crowd were gathered in a knot at the bar, in the midst of which stood a young man with the very face they had seen in the picture, toying with a glass of champagne.

"Yes," he said, laughing, as Dick and Aleck walked up to the counter, "come up and see me do it. I'll give it to you strong, for temperance is my strongest grip," and raising the glass to his lips he drained it to the dregs.

"By George!" whispered Aleck to his companion; "that's the very face we saw on the walls."

"That's the chap—that's Joe Wiley!" said Dick.

"Halloo, Wild!" shouted the young man. "How's your head after our Saturday night's racket?"

"It's as big as a barrel!" replied Dick, smiling.

"Well, come have a drink with me. It'll shrink up some after a little."

Dick introduced Aleck, and they all drank together.

"Come up and hear me to-night?" he asked, after they had drunk together. "I'm going to lay it on so thick that you'll appreciate a glass of whisky ever after."

He treated the crowd again and then left.

"Now, that's what I call a brick," said the smiling barkeeper. "Temperance is his trade, and he spends the money he makes at it like a man."

"But they'll everlastingly raise him if they hear of his drinking," said one of the party. "I used to run with that crowd, and I tell you they won't have it."

"What made you quit the gang, Scotty?" asked one of the crowd.

"Oh, they all wanted to be bosses and couldn't, so they quarreled all the time. I got drunk one day, blessed the whole crowd and quit. I'd rather drink rotgut whisky in peace than cold water among a lot of quarrelsome cusses."

"Your head is perfectly level, Scotty," said the barkeeper, smiling.

"Well, it ought to be," Scotty replied, "for I've been going down-hill ever since. I suppose I'll find a level somewhere after a while," and he looked as though the memory of better days haunted him.

The saloonkeeper looked grave and turned away to wait on a customer. Dick Wild and Aleck Holmes left the saloon to resume their walk.

They soon parted to meet at the great temperance gathering.

The great hall of the Cooper Union was crowded to suffocation.

In the front seats were some two or three hundreds of drinking men who had come to hear what the young lecturer would say about temperance after drinking with them so freely.

A sudden burst of applause told of the presence of the young orator, as a party of well-known ladies and gentlemen made their appearance on the platform.

After several songs were sung, the chairman of the meeting advanced to the front of the platform and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I have the honor of introducing to you this evening a young man whose eloquence places him in the front rank of the temperance orators of this country—one

whose life is a beautiful picture of the principles he advocates——"

"Oh, hear the duffer!" exclaimed a voice in the front row of seats.

The chairman continued:

"Mr. Joseph Wiley, who will now address you upon the great question of the day."

Immense applause greeted the young lecturer as he came forward.

He was handsome, young and unmarried.

The ladies, therefore, received him with waving of handkerchiefs and smiles.

His very first sentence attracted and kept the attention of the immense audience.

His voice had a clear, ringing tone that reached to every corner of the great hall.

Such terrible pictures of the woe, want and misery that followed in the wake of the drunkard did he draw that strong men trembled and shook with emotions they never felt before. The drinking men in his immediate front were astounded.

They expected fun, whereas they were getting a conscience-lashing they never bargained for.

He turned to them and talked in a manner that told how well he knew their ways—their very thoughts, even—crowding them so close that the audience began to laugh at their expense.

"I used to run with you, boys," he said, with an inimitable air and manner, "but I couldn't help thinking of my head in the morning." It felt as big as all outdoors, and the more it expanded the more my purse collapsed. I shook the bottle, and now for three years not a drop has passed my lips."

"Oh—oh—oh—oh—hear the duffer!" chorussed fifty voices over among the drinkers.

The chairman sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"I hope the speaker will not again be interrupted!"

"Why, the duffer was drunk last night!" exclaimed Scotty Briggs, in the second row of front seats.

"Order—order!"

"Put him out!" came from all parts of the house.

"Order—order!" yelled the chairman, rapping vigorously on a table by his side.

"Please leave them to me," whispered the speaker to the chairman.

The chairman sat down and the young lecturer waved his hand for silence.

"I am used to such scenes," he said, "and rather like it than otherwise, as it makes things more lively. My friend over there," pointing towards Scotty Briggs, "is mistaken when he says I was drunk last night, for I have not touched a drop of liquor in three years, and—"

"What are you giving us?" cried Scotty, springing to his feet and glaring at the speaker. "You were drunk with the whole gang last night!"

"My friend, I never saw you before—I know not who you are!"

"Great swilltubs!" gasped Scotty, amid a perfect roar of his boon companions around.

"Put him out—put him out!" came from a thousand throats.

"This is perfectly outrageous!" cried the chairman.

"He treated the whole gang to drinks last night!" yelled Scotty, and turning to his comrades, said:

"Stand up, boys, and shame the duffer!"

Over a hundred of them arose to their feet.

"Send for the police—police—police!"

The young lecturer calmly waved his hand for silence.

It was nearly ten minutes ere silence was restored.

"My friends," he said, in a clear, ringing voice, "you have no doubt seen a man who looks like me, and——"

"You bet I have," interrupted Scotty Briggs, quickly, followed by a general laugh.

"Put him out!" cried an indignant temperance man, springing up in his seat. "This is an outrage that ought not to be endured."

"Yes, put him out," assented the chairman, and a dozen stalwart temperance men rushed towards the half-drunken man to carry out the threat.

Scotty showed fight, and a score of his friends gathered around him, looking as though they were hungry for a scrimmage.

"Police—police—police!" cried hundreds of men and women, as a half-score of police officers made their appearance at the door.

The officers made their way through the excited throng and tried to arrest the ringleaders of the disturbance.

In the excitement it was impossible to tell who was the real

offender, so they laid about them indiscriminately with their clubs.

Nothing like a fight with the police suited Scotty and his friends better. They pitched into the police and a free fight was the result.

Men, women and children shouted, screamed and struggled to get out of the building.

The meeting broke up—the crowd dispersed, though the people were more anxious than ever to hear the young lecturer.

CHAPTER II.

FACE TO FACE.

After the adjournment of the great temperance meeting, which broke up in a disgraceful row, the young lecturer went back to the hotel very much depressed.

Two prominent temperance men went with him.

"We know the charge to be false, Mr. Wiley," they said, on seeing how depressed he was, "for we were with you till after midnight."

"I know that the charge is false, too," he said, "but the public will believe it true. There is something else behind it which the public knows nothing of," and a look of intense pain came into his pale face.

The temperance men were mystified, but were too well bred to ask any questions about the matter.

They left him and he retired to his room.

"Why does that arch-villain still pursue me?" he muttered, as he closed the door and turned his pallid face towards the great mirror on the wall. "Why cannot he leave me to my fate, instead of seeking to blast my reputation so as to prevent me from earning the bread I eat. The villain may have some sense of shame left. I'll go and see him, and if there is any sense of justice left in him I'll touch it."

He turned to a large wardrobe and took therefrom a large gray cloak and a slouch hat.

Fitting the cloak over his shoulders and putting the hat well down on his head, he placed a revolver in his breast pocket and quietly left the hotel.

The hour was midnight.

He walked down Broadway a dozen blocks and then turned into a cross street.

"I think it's the Gudgeon House he's stopping at," he muttered, as he pulled down the hat close to his eyebrows and turned up the collar of the cloak so as to well conceal his features.

He passed nearly an entire block and then entered the Gudgeon House, a well-known hotel on the west side of town.

Glancing around the office of the hotel, as if in search of some one, he passed into the bar and billiard-room.

The click of the ivory balls, and the jingling of glasses were heard above the din of conversation.

Near the bar stood a knot of men, laughing, talking and drinking, and in the midst of them stood a man who, in size, shape and every feature, was the counterpart of the young lecturer.

No expert in identifying persons could have turned his back for a moment and turning again be able to say which of the two was the real lecturer.

He held a glass of champagne in his hand.

The men around him called him Joe Wiley, the young lecturer.

"You went back on us to-night, Joe," said Scotty Briggs, in an angry tone of voice.

"Not so," said the man addressed, "you went back on me, and in a very cowardly way, too."

"Do you mean to call me a coward?"

"Yes, and a mean, contemptible one at that!" was the hot, impetuous reply. "You knew my hand, and were invited to see me play it, but like a contemptible sneak, you gave it away!"

"That's so!" exclaimed one of the party, "and it was a mean give away, too."

"So it was, my friend," said the speaker. "Have a glass with me."

"Don't care if I do," said the man, taking the proffered glass and drinking with the counterpart of the young lecturer.

Scotty Briggs was full of the ardent and quite belligerent.

"Well," he said, disgustedly, "any man who makes temperance lectures and then drinks as you do is worse than a coward—he's a sneak!"

Quick as a flash of lightning the young man shot a blow straight from the shoulder, which took Scotty between the eyes and sent him sprawling at full length on his back.

"Halloo, there!" cried the barkeeper; "the police will be

down on us in a jiffy if you don't stop that racket. Get up, Scotty, and go home—you have had enough already."

Scotty slowly rose to his feet, half dazed by the stunning blow he had received, and glaring at his assailant, hissed:

"I'll give you away worse than that, Joe Wiley! Scotty Briggs never forgets a blow."

"All right, Scotty," remarked the young man. "If you don't want the jim-shackles, just keep out of my way."

"You just wait for me, young man!" growled Scotty, as he turned and reeled out of the room.

Out on the street he stopped, took off his hat and let the cool night air play upon his heated brow.

"Served you right, Scotty Briggs," he muttered bitterly to himself. "Once you were a respectable man, with plenty to eat and wear, and lots of friends. Now you're played out—kicked out like a dog. Along o' the temperance people you were all right. Why don't you quit drinking and be decent again? I'll get even with that blasted temperance sneak for that blow or my name will be changed—that's all."

The young man in the gray cloak stood a silent witness of the scenes we have described, without once showing a small part of his pale features.

But his dark, piercing eyes flashed as they gazed upon the counterpart of himself in the midst of the dissipated revelers.

He had not been noticed by any one of the party, and as they all passed out of the barroom he lingered near the office of the hotel until the counterpart of himself had ascended the stairs to his room.

"Is Mr. Joe Wiley in?" he asked of the clerk, a few moments later.

"Yes, sir, he has just gone up to his room."

"I wish to see him."

"Write your card and I'll send it up to his room."

"I prefer to go up to his room, sir. We are old acquaintances."

"Very well, sir. John, show this gentleman to room 33."

The servant led the way upstairs, and pointing to the door of room 33, said:

"There's the room, sir," and instantly returned to his post below stairs.

The young lecturer rapped on the door.

"Come in!" from within.

He opened the door and stepped inside.

The gray cloak dropped from his shoulders, and he stood face to face with the occupant of the room.

They stared at each other.

Neither had a feature the other did not possess, even to a hair.

Every action and tone of voice were so near alike that the most acute ear and eye would have failed to detect which was which.

"Donald Sylvester," said the young lecturer, in a calm, collected tone of voice, "why do you still pursue me? Is it not enough that you have robbed me of my fortune, my friends, and, above all, the only woman I ever loved?"

"No, it is not enough!" said the one addressed as Donald Sylvester. "My hatred will pursue you to the grave, Gerald Romaine. It was you who gave me into the hands of the law when a youthful indiscretion made me liable to punishment, and now——"

"But I had either to do that or else suffer in your stead, for your misdeeds," replied the young lecturer, "and did just what you or any other man would have done under the circumstances."

"You could have proved an alibi without fastening the guilt on me as you did. Ha—ha—ha, Gerald Romaine! I have my revenge for that. I have never forgiven you for that job, and never will. I have stepped into your fortune and am spending it like a prince. Every one of your relatives has a secret test word by which to know who is who, and they one and all denounce you as an impostor."

"I am aware of all that, Donald Sylvester. You are capable of any crime, however atrocious."

"You are right. A year in state prison destroyed all the conscience I ever had."

"You never had any. You were born a villain—a heartless fiend. That you are as well aware of as I am. I want to know whether or not you intend to keep up this game you are playing—this personation of me and my professional name to my injury!"

"I shall exercise my own pleasure about that. As long as it amuses me and annoys you I shall probably keep it up."

"Will no inducement to cease annoying me have any weight with you?"

"I don't know. What inducement have you to offer?"

"Simply this: You go your way, and I will follow the path

I have mapped out for myself, and will no longer seek to recover the possession of what you have robbed me of."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Sylvester. "That's a big inducement, certainly. My dear sir, your efforts to dispossess me give me no trouble whatever. It amuses me—I like it. Whatever professional name you may assume, that shall be mine also, and the fun will be lively. What is furthermore, the woman you love believes you to be an impostor, and instead of being my wife, she shall be my——"

"Stop, wretch—villain!" cried the young lecturer. "Utter that word with her name, and I'll strangle you on the spot!" and he sprang at his throat like an enraged tiger.

"Not so fast, my lovely lecturer," said Sylvester, drawing a revolver and aiming at Gerald Romaine's head.

CHAPTER III.

THE TABLES TURNED.

But the young lecturer did not recoil before the menacing revolver.

On the contrary, he knocked up the revolver, causing the bullet to go into the ceiling, and clutched him by the throat.

A terrific struggle for the mastery then ensued.

But Sylvester was the stronger of the two.

He hurled Romaine from him just as the door opened and the clerk with two employees rushed into the room.

"Here—here, hold on!" cried the clerk, trying to prevent a further collision. "What's this about, gentlemen? Why, which of you is Mr. Wiley?"

He was thunderstruck at the resemblance of the two young men.

"Put that man out of my room," said the young lecturer, pointing to Donald Sylvester. "He tries every way he can to annoy me, because of our resemblance to each other."

"Put him out," said the clerk to the two servants who had come up with him.

"No, you have got the wrong man!" cried Sylvester, as the two men seized him.

"Out with him!" exclaimed the clerk, indignantly. "Fire him into the gutter!"

They hurried him out to the street and told him to keep away or they'd put a big head on him.

"That fellow has annoyed me for a long time," said Gerald Romaine, to the clerk of the hotel, "by reason of his resemblance to me. If he should come back here and get into my room, ask him for this test word," and he whispered in his ear the words: "The right shall win."

"Very good," returned the clerk. "I'll fire him out if he comes back here, the impudent rascal!"

"No matter what he may do to make you believe he is me, if he can't whisper those four words in your ear, kick him out. Require it of both of us every time we come in."

The young lecturer then left the hotel.

Bob Hart, the clerk, was a very determined man and felt interested in the case he had to deal with.

"Just let him try to play off on me," he muttered, "and I'll settle the question of identity with him in just one minute."

Out on the street Gerald Romaine was walking briskly towards Broadway, when he was suddenly accosted by Donald Sylvester with:

"Look here, Romaine, you've had your joke. You don't intend to keep me out of my room all night?"

"How does it compare with your little joke by means of which you robbed me of my all?" Gerald Romaine asked.

"It equals it in every respect," laughed Sylvester. "Give me the test word you gave the clerk and I'll call it square."

"When you restore what you have robbed me of," said Romaine, "I will return your room and baggage, and not before," and with that he turned to walk off towards Broadway.

Donald Sylvester sprang before him, hissing:

"You won't give me the word?"

"No," was the emphatic reply.

"Then listen to me, Gerald Romaine. Like an avenging Nemesis, I will follow you to the uttermost parts of the earth to blight your hopes and blast every prospect of your——"

"And you—you sneaking viper!" cried a strange voice, as a man sprang out of a dark doorway near where they were standing. "If I don't send you to the Tombs, I'll send you to a blamed sight hotter place. I tumble to that little racket of yours. You knocked me down in the barroom because I was drunk. Try it now when I am sober, will you!"

"I want nothing to do with you, Briggs," said Sylvester. "You are beneath the notice of a gentleman."

"Oh, you're a lovely gentleman, now, aren't you? You just now acknowledged yourself to be the meanest sneak-thief in

all the land. Smell of that and see if there is any brimstone in it!" and Scotty, well sobered by the cold air and the knock-down he had received, rubbed his brawny fist against the nose of Sylvester.

"Do you see any lightning in that?" exclaimed Sylvester, aiming a quick blow at Scotty.

"Yes!" returned Scotty, clutching him by the wrist in a vise-like grip, while he drew a dirk-knife from his pocket and raised it in air, hissing: "but it'll never strike me!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE YOUNG LECTURER TELLS HIS STORY.

The bluish, steely gleam of the blade as Scotty raised it to strike sent a thrill of horror through the heart of Gerald Romaine.

He sprang forward and caught the uplifted arm as it descended, and wrenched the weapon from his hand.

"Would you commit a murder?" he exclaimed.

"It's no murder to kill such a scoundrel!" replied Scotty Briggs, hotly; and then, having no other weapon, he struck Sylvester a powerful blow with his clenched fist.

"That shall be your last, Scotty Briggs!" hissed Sylvester, drawing the same pistol with which he had fired at Romaine up in the hotel.

But Scotty sent the weapon flying in the air by a well-directed blow, and Sylvester then took to his heels.

"Let him go," said Gerald Romaine, on seeing Scotty about to pursue him. "You had better get his pistol out there in the street and keep it for him till you meet again."

Scotty deliberately walked out into the middle of the street, looked about a few seconds, saw the revolver, picked it up and placed it in his pocket. He then went back to the side of Romaine and extended his hand, with:

"I owe you an apology. I got drunk with that fellow last night and to-day, and when he said he was going to lecture on temperance, I went up to see the fun. I got mad and sassed you, thinking it was him all the time. I beg your pardon—for dang my buttons if I ever saw two beans more alike!"

"No apology is necessary, my friend. It is one of his old games," and Romaine grasped him by the hand and shook it warmly.

"Why didn't you let me finish him, then?" asked Scotty.

"Because I don't want to see any man killed," said Gerald, "and it would have made trouble for both you and I."

"Why, I thought I heard you tell him that he had robbed you of everything you had in the world!"

"So I did tell him, and told him the truth, too."

"Well, you're a queer one!" and Scotty glanced at him from head to foot. "You're the real, genuine Joe Wiley, are you?"

"Yes—that's my professional name," replied Gerald.

"What's your real name?"

"Gerald Romaine."

"What's the other chap's name?"

"Donald Sylvester."

"He looks just like you. Is he a relation?"

"None whatever."

"Well, he must keep out of my way, or I'll put him into close relationship with the devil!"

"When you meet him and you are not sure it isn't me, just whisper 'Who wins?' in his ear, and if he doesn't say 'The right,' in response, you may know it is not me."

"I'll do it, and heaven have mercy on him if he doesn't say it!" and Scotty Briggs struck his open palm with a force that plainly showed how hard he could strike when necessary. "But what did he do to you to make you——"

"It is a long story, my friend," said Romaine, gravely, "but if you will walk with me towards my hotel I will tell you a portion of it."

"I'll do that," and Scotty turned and walked along Broadway by the side of the man in the gray cloak.

"I met Donald Sylvester in California three years ago," said Romaine, "where I was traveling for pleasure just after leaving college, where I had graduated with considerable credit. Our perfect resemblance was remarked by everybody who saw us, and when I first saw him I thought some strange hallucination had seized upon me, for I seemed to be looking at myself. It was the same with him. We grew intimate—we traveled together through California, Mexico and Central America. He learned my entire history from me, for, though I detected traits of heartless selfishness in him, I liked him and talked freely with him."

"One day he pretended to receive letters that called him away to St. Louis, which, he said, was his home. We parted the best of friends. Two weeks later I could hear nothing more from

my home, which was in a certain city in the West. My letters remained unanswered. Even the young lady whom I was engaged to marry ceased writing, and the most painful suspense was the result. My parents were dead and my property was in the hands of a trusted agent; I could hear nothing from him. So I cut short my intended trip further south and hastened home, only to find that this wretch—this Donald Sylvester—was there in my shoes, and in full possession of my property, which had been surrendered to him on demand. I was thunderstruck—dumfounded—for I had written to my sweetheart telling her of the wonderful resemblance between Sylvester and myself. He had told her that I would try to palm myself off for him, as I had tried to murder him in order that I might the more easily do so. When, in my despair, I turned to her, she spurned me—denounced me as an impostor. My lawyer, banker, and all my old friends did the same thing, till the town became almost too hot to hold me. I was compelled to leave, after knocking him down and nearly killing him."

"But why didn't you slip in and put him out, when you looked so much like him?" asked Scotty, deeply interested in the story.

"Because he had given my lawyer, agent, banker and sweetheart a password by which they would know the impostor from the real one."

"Well, hang me if he wasn't cute," muttered Scotty.

"He is a shrewd, double-dyed villain," said Romaine. "Well, I had to leave my native city. I couldn't even get up a lawsuit to establish my rights. Everybody had the idea that I was an impostor and shunned me accordingly. I was thus stripped of home, friends, wealth and happiness by this villain. Not satisfied with that, he now pursues me wherever I go, assumes my professional name of Joe Wiley, gets drunk the night before I am to give a temperance lecture, and thus ruins my prospects."

"The mean devil!" exclaimed Scotty; "and to think how I acted to-night at the meeting. You see, I was once a member of that temperance crowd, and saw so much sly drinking among 'em that I took to drinking again."

"There you did wrong, my friend," said Joe. "Because the others drank, it was no excuse for you. Instead of leaving them and going back to drinking again, you should have remained firm as a rock and exposed them."

"That's so. I've been going down-hill ever since," and Scotty looked very serious.

"Just drop it, then, and stick to cold water again. It can never harm you. A sober man always has more friends than a drunkard. Come and hear me to-morrow night; I will speak again."

"I'll do it!" said Scotty, grasping his hand cordially, "and I won't drink another drop. But say, what made 'em fire you out of the hotel to-night?"

"They didn't put me out—it was Sylvester."

"Oh, tangled again! Blest if I didn't think it was you."

"Yes, and the papers will probably have it to-morrow morning that Joe Wiley, the temperance lecturer, was put out of his hotel for disorderly conduct."

CHAPTER V.

SEARCHING FOR A CLEW.

On running away from the savage Scotty Briggs, Donald Sylvester returned to the hotel and attempted to enter. He had the key of his room in his pocket and was determined to get to his bed if possible. He saw one of the servants near the entrance and made a sign to him to come outside to him. The man promptly responded.

"You fellows put the wrong man out just now," said Donald. "See here, I have the key to my room and want to go to bed. I'll give you five dollars if you manage to get me into my room, and here's the money."

The servant took the money and the key. The former he quickly thrust into his pocket and the latter he looked at cautiously for some time.

"Wait a moment," said he, opening the door and disappearing within the hotel. To the surprise of Donald Sylvester he went up to the desk, delivered the key to the clerk and quietly seated himself by the side of another employee of the house.

"Perdition!" hissed the villain; "he has gone back on me! My last claim to the room has gone and all my baggage is in there! Confound that Gerald Romaine, it's a nice trick he has played on me, and now I am out in the street with but little money and no clothes except what I have on my back. It serves me right, for I had no business to make such a fool of

myself. I'll get even with him, though, and he'll be sorry for it."

Taking what money he had from his pockets, he counted it over and found that he had even more than he thought he had.

"I'll go to another house and stay till morning," he muttered to himself, "and then I'll get a warrant for my trunk, for I can swear to its contents, which Gerald Romaine cannot."

He went to another hotel and took a room for the night.

Scotty Briggs accompanied Joe Wiley to his hotel uptown, where he parted with him, promising to meet him early the next morning at the little hotel where Donald Sylvester had treated him so unceremoniously.

True to his promise, he was there about a half hour before the arrival of Joe Wiley. He went into the barroom to look around and see who was there.

"Hallo, Scotty!" cried an old chum. "Come up and take something!"

"Thank you, I'm out," said Scotty, gruffly.

"Out—out of what?"

"Out of that drinking business."

The half dozen early tipplers present roared with laughter.

"That knock-down was too much for you last night, eh?"

"Well, yes," he replied. "If I had been sober I wouldn't have been knocked down. It wasn't the first knock-down that whisky ever gave me."

"Ha-ha-ha! Give him a glass of milk and mush, barkeeper," cried one of the party.

"You'll see the day when you'll need milk and mush and can't get it, if you don't draw off that track," he replied, good-naturedly.

"Here, take an eye-opener, Scotty, old boy," said another, passing to him a glass of whisky. "It'll quiet your nerves and make you more cheerful this morning."

The glass passed under his nose. The fumes of the liquor almost upset his good resolutions. He wavered, looked kindly, wistfully at it for a moment or two, and then sprang up and ran out of the barroom.

The tipplers laughed.

"He means business," said the bartender, shaking his head, "and I don't know but what it's the best for him. Scotty is a good fellow, but the world has gone hard with him since he took to drinking again."

In a few moments after he left the barroom Scotty saw Joe Wiley enter the door.

Joe Wiley advanced to the clerk's desk, leaned forward and whispered:

"The right shall win!" and the clerk smiled, bowed, and handed him the key to the room.

"Come, my good man," he said, turning to Scotty, "I want to see you in my room a few minutes."

Scotty followed him up the two flights of stairs to room No. 33. They entered the room, and found there a large, heavy trunk.

Having no key, they could not open it.

"Can you get me a bunch of keys, my friend?" Wiley asked of Scotty.

"Yes; I have a bunch of skeleton keys at my house, as I used to work at the locksmith trade."

"Can you get them?"

"Yes," and Scotty left the room to go after the keys.

In less than an hour he returned, bringing with him a bunch of keys, with which he succeeded in unlocking the trunk.

Joe was as white as a sheet as he passed everything in search of books and papers.

"Ah, if I can only find out the test word he has given my banker, friends and relatives," he muttered, "I could reinstate myself, change the test word, and forever keep him out."

Trembling like a leaf and white as a ghost Joe opened letter after letter and read them.

"Oh, the infernal demon!" he cried. "He is breaking her heart—she—my adored Eunice—by his recklessness and broken promises! Heaven help me to save her from him and give him the just punishment he deserves!"

Joe read every letter, changing to every color the human face could portray as varying emotions filled his heart.

Scotty stood appalled by such terrible emotions in one so fair—so pallid.

"Look and see if you can find any books or papers of any kind whatever," said Wiley to him, as he looked up from a letter which he was reading. "Don't miss a scrap of paper of any kind."

Scotty dove down into the mysteries of the trunk, and in a few minutes brought up a blankbook, which he handed to Joe.

There was some few memoranda in it of no special importance. But in a wallet which Scotty handed him he found a

certified bank check for five thousand dollars, payable to the order of Gerald Romaine.

"That is my money," said Joe, his face brightening, "and I'll use it to push my scheme to unmask him!"

He looked all through the wallet and blankbook for something that would give him a clew to the test word, but in vain.

With a sigh, he ordered everything put back in the trunk save the certified bank check, which he retained.

"Now, Scotty," he said, "you've been a pretty hard case, haven't you?"

"Only a hard drinker, sir," replied Scotty. "I never was dishonest."

"Glad to hear that. But everybody about here knows you were a hard drinker, do they not?"

"Yes, sir; I guess they do."

"Well, you've sworn off for good now, have you not?"

"I'll never touch another drop, sir," said Scotty, solemnly.

"That's it—leave liquor alone and you are all right. Now, come with me."

Joe Wiley closed, locked the door, and went downstairs, followed by Scotty, and leaving the key at the desk, passed out into the street.

At the door they met Donald Sylvester.

Joe was about to pass him without speaking, when Sylvester accosted him with:

"See here, haven't we carried this joke far enough?"

"I think you have. Are you ready to return me my own?" asked Joe in reply, in a very dignified tone.

"I have nothing of yours," said Donald, "but I demand that you surrender my—"

"You just close that mouth or I'll mash it!" said Scotty, putting up a brawny fist in close proximity to his nose. "I understand your little game and intend to spoil it, you son of the devil!"

Sylvester turned away from him and addressed himself to the young lecturer. But Joe Wiley deliberately walked off, leaving him standing just outside the door of the hotel.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Scotty. "How's that for a cut, eh?"

CHAPTER VI.

SCOTTY TO THE FRONT.

Scotty Briggs followed his new-found friend to a well-known bank, where the certified check was examined and pronounced good. But they demanded that his identity be established before they would cash it for him. While he was gone in search of the gentleman who presided at the meeting the night before, whom he wanted to identify him to the cashier of the bank, the bank telegraphed to the parent bank where the check had been issued to know if it was all right. The reply came back:

"It is all right—cash it."

And they did cash it.

"Now, Donald Sylvester," muttered the young lecturer, as he and his friend who had identified him to the cashier and Scotty left the bank together, "look out for yourself!"

He purchased a suit of clothes for Scotty, and then gave him some money to give to his family.

"I am going to use you, Scotty," he said, as he placed the money in his hands, "because I think you will be true to me."

"You can trust me, Joe Wiley, anywhere that man can be trusted," said Scotty, the tears coming into his eyes.

"I believe you, my friend. Go home now and make the heart of your wife glad for once in her life, and be sure to meet me at the great meeting to-night."

"I will be there, sure," said he, turning away and hurrying homeward with the first good news he had been able to take to his wife in five years.

When Joe Wiley and Scotty passed him so unceremoniously on the steps of the hotel that morning, Donald Sylvester was almost beside himself with rage.

He turned and walked away from the hotel, and at the corner above he met one of the boon companions who had been one of the disturbers at the meeting the night before at Cooper Institute.

"Halloo, Sylvester!" said the boon companion. "Which way now?"

"I have been looking for you," said Sylvester.

"What's up?" asked the man.

"Big racket at the Cooper Institute meeting to-night. Be on hand. Get all the boys to come."

"Police will be on hand to-night on account of the last racket."

"Oh, you fellows keep quiet, and I'll do all the work," said Sylvester.

"See here—how about that other fellow that looks like you?"

"Just wait and see what a job I'll put up on him to-night."

Sylvester went away, and the boon companion meandered around among the barrooms and gin-mills to beat up a crowd to go up and see the fun at the big temperance meeting that night. Of course they all volunteered to go, knowing that there would be excitement of some kind.

Donald Sylvester, having set nearly a dozen men to talking about the big meeting and the fun to be had there, then put on a false beard and mustache, which completely changed his personal appearance. No one knew him.

In that disguise, he went before a justice of the peace and swore out a warrant against Mr. Joseph Wiley, the temperance lecturer, for assault.

"Where does Mr. Wiley stop?" the magistrate asked.

"I don't know, sir, but I can point him out to you or your officer when he goes to the Cooper Institute meeting to-night," said Sylvester.

"Then I will be there with the warrant," remarked the officer.

"Come to my hotel, and I will go with you."

"That'll do. I will be there at six o'clock."

At that hour Donald Sylvester stood in front of the hotel where he was getting his meals, after having been kicked out of the other place, when the officer came along. None of his acquaintances knew him with that false beard, but the officer did and accosted him:

"Here you are!"

"Yes—are you ready to go?"

"Quite ready."

"Well, let's go have a glass of something to warm us up, and then we'll be off."

They indulged in two or three drinks, during which time Sylvester so ingratiated himself into the good graces of the officer that the latter was ready to do his bidding to almost any extent.

"When I point him out to you," he said, "make the arrest promptly and hurry off with him. Of course he can't give bail till to-morrow morning."

"Just leave that to me, sir," said the officer, as they started off uptown to make the arrest.

On the way to the Cooper Institute with two friends, Gerald Romaine—Joe Wiley, the temperance lecturer—was arrested by the officer, who hurried him off with very unceremonious haste. His two friends, dumfounded by the suddenness of the affair, went with him to see if they could not manage to have him released to appear and answer the charge the next morning.

The arrest was so quietly made that no one of the vast audience in the great hall of the Union knew aught of it. At the very minute for the beginning of the services, Donald Sylvester entered the hall and was received with tremendous applause by the audience, who, of course, took him to be the veritable Joe Wiley.

"What made you so late, Mr. Wiley?" asked Scotty Briggs, coming forward and extending his hand. "They won't let me go on the platform, though I told 'em that—"

"Well, go out into the audience where you belong," said Sylvester, rather gruffly, as he turned to speak to the president of the meeting.

Scotty was dumfounded.

What was the matter?

To the astonishment of the audience, Scotty Briggs boldly stepped upon the platform, advanced quickly to the speaker's side and whispered the test word Joe Wiley had given him. The speaker stared, and then turned around to the chairman of the meeting to speak to him.

"Ho, ho, you fraud! Take that!" exclaimed Scotty, dealing him a stunning blow on the jaw that felled him like an ox to the floor of the platform.

The men sprang to their feet, women screamed, but high above the din the voice of Scotty was heard.

"He's a blasted fraud! He is not the real Joe Wiley!"

The next moment he found himself in the grip of a dozen enraged temperance men, who held him a helpless prisoner in the presence of the excited audience.

CHAPTER VII.

SCOTTY BRIGGS' SPEECH.

Language fails in any attempt to fitly describe the scene that ensued immediately after the daring proceeding of Scotty Briggs.

"Put him out—put him out!" cried scores of drinking men

in the front seats who had come there at the instance of Donald Sylvester.

They didn't recognize Scotty at first in his new clothes, for they had not heard that he had given up drink. Only a few of his companions had been told of it that day, but none of them believed that he could do it.

Just then one of Scotty's old chums recognized him.

"Hurrah, boys!" he yelled, springing up on a seat. "It's Scotty Briggs!"

"Scotty—Scotty!" yelled two or three hundred men at once, and the rest of the immense audience, as was quite natural, joined in the cry.

"Who is that they are calling for?" asked the chairman, looking around after seating the speaker and handing him a glass of water.

"It's me, sir," said Scotty.

"And who are you?"

"Scotty Briggs, sir," was the reply.

"Are you a temperance man?"

"Yes; I am trying to be one."

"Then try and see if you cannot quiet the audience."

The men who held him a prisoner released their hold on him, and he advanced to the front of the platform.

Scotty started to speak. The crowd instantly ceased their noise, and his voice reached the furthest corner of the great hall.

"I aren't no speaker," he said, "but I have been about the hardest drinker in this city for the last five years, and—"

"That's so, Scotty," said one, "you never give anybody else a chance."

A burst of good-natured laughter greeted the remark.

"You can have all my share from this night henceforth and forever!" exclaimed Scotty, "for I am done with liquor—not another drop shall pass my lips as long as I live!"

"Where did you get yer good clothes?" piped a voice in the audience.

"I will tell you," said Scotty. "I was in the crowd last night that insulted Mr. Joe Wiley here on this platform. I found out my mistake, and being drunk, was knocked down by the man who put us all up to the job. I swore I would never drink another drop of liquor."

"I was so fortunate as to render Mr. Wiley a service late in the night, for which he thanked me like a man who was not too proud to take a drinking man by the hand. He told me his story, and I told him mine. I promised never to drink any more, and he gave me this suit of clothes and told me to be here to-night—that he would meet me here, and have me tell everybody that I would drink no more."

"Hurrah for Joe Wiley!" cried a hundred voices at once.

"Not only that," continued Scotty; "he gave me money to buy provisions for my family, who were almost starved, and—"

"Yet you knocked him down!" cried a voice.

"No—that man is a fraud. He is not Joe Wiley, the temperance lecturer—"

"You have said enough, sir," exclaimed the chairman of the meeting, indignant at the charge. "I know Mr. Wiley personally, and—"

"So do I," said Scotty. "This man looks like Joe Wiley, and—"

"Come, sit down, sir!" cried the chairman.

"Go on—go on!" cried the audience, uproariously.

Hundreds sprang to their feet, and many well-known temperance people went upon the platform. In the confusion that ensued Donald Sylvester escaped and left the hall unperceived.

But in a few minutes Joe Wiley—Gerald Romaine himself—reached the platform, dressed quite differently from Donald Sylvester.

Scotty glanced at him keenly for a moment as if mentally discussing his identity, and then, springing forward to his side, was reassured by a kindly smile of recognition.

"Who wins?" whispered Scotty.

"The right," promptly replied Joe.

"Hurrah! Here's your genuine article," cried Scotty, seizing the young lecturer's hand and turning to the audience.

The chairman looked around for the other one, who, but a moment before, was sitting by his side, bitterly denouncing Scotty as a fraud. Joe advanced and extended his hand with a genial smile. The chairman took it, and the audience yelled:

"Wiley—Wiley!"

Joe bowed to the audience, and then, in a very few words, explained his absence to the chairman of the meeting.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed he, "I never once thought I could be so deceived!"

"Why, sir, he has even deceived my relatives and best friends," said Joe, bitterly.

Joe turned to the audience, and told the story of his arrest—his successful search for bail, which the justice, at his residence, accepted.

"And the wretched Donald Sylvester is at the bottom of it all," he said, "for no man can tell us apart even when we stand side by side. He is my enemy; I am his, and though he casts a shadow on my name by his evil life, I will yet triumph."

CHAPTER VIII.

DICK WILD AND THE IMPOSTOR.

Joe's lecture was a brilliant one, and next morning the papers teemed with commendations of it. Scotty Briggs bounded into fame at a single leap. In fact, he woke up and found himself famous. His daring act of knocking down the impostor in the presence of a packed house, and the simple, quaint speech he made was universally commented on.

"Oh, husband!" said his wife, tears of joy in her eyes, "if you will never drink any more, you will have so many friends, and we will all be so happy again."

"I will never drink again, Mary," he said, pressing her to his side.

Mary threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, weeping tears of joy.

While that little happy scene was transpiring in the home of the reformed drunkard, Donald Sylvester was sitting in a corner of the barroom in the hotel to which he had gone after being put out of his former place, in close conversation with Dick Wild—the young man whom we introduced to the reader in the opening chapter of this story.

"No," said Dick, "I won't go on any such racket as that. I am in for any kind of fun, but not to hurt any one."

"Ah, what does it amount to?" growled Sylvester.

"It amounts to a great deal with me," replied Jolly Dick, "for I have nothing against either of them, though I am down on this temperance business."

"Well, that's the way to get 'em out of the way for a——"

"Neither of them are in my way," said Dick. "On the contrary, Scotty Briggs is making an honest effort to reform and I feel more like giving him a lift than otherwise."

"Oh, you're going to reform, too, are you?" sneered Sylvester.

"No—I don't think I have anything to reform; I am not a drunkard."

"I've seen you drunk."

"So you have, and I can say the same for you."

"Oh, yes, I get full quite often and rather like it."

"You raised a big racket last night."

"Yes, and but for that infernal Scotty Briggs I would have laid Joe Wiley out so flat that he would not dared to have shown his face in New York again."

"It was a dangerous game."

"True, but it would have won but for Briggs. I'll have my satisfaction out of him for that knock-down, or my name is not——"

"What about Joe Wiley? You won't appear against him in court this morning?"

"Not much, I won't," laughed Sylvester. "It would spoil my game."

"He will be discharged then?"

"Yes."

"I'll go up and see how it turns out," and Dick took another drink preparatory to paying a visit to the court where Joe Wiley was to be tried on a charge of assault.

The courtroom was crowded with temperance men and curiosity seekers, eager to see the two men together about whom there had been so much excitement. But they were doomed to disappointment, for only Joe Wiley put in an appearance. The complainant did not appear to prosecute, and Joe was discharged.

He was congratulated by his friends, and was being led out of the courtroom, when a stalwart carriage driver seized him by the collar, exclaiming:

"Begorra, I have yez now!"

"What's the matter? What do you want?" demanded Joe, looking astonished.

"Phat's the matther! Av yez don't be afther paying me kerridge hire, ye murtherin' dead bate," and the indignant Irishman displayed a fist that would have felled an ox, "I'll be the feller that'll lay ye out, begorra!"

"You are mistaken, sir," said Joe. "I never saw you before, and don't owe you for any carriage."

"Mistaken, is it? Och, how the baste lies! Do me eyes desave me? I know yez by the looks av yez; an' pay me, or I'll smash the head av yez, ye decateful omadhoun!" and the enraged hackman raised his ponderous fist as if to put his threat into execution.

He was twice the size and weight of Joe, and looked as savage as a bear.

"See here, my friend," said a young man, stepping forward and accosting the savage hackman, "I don't know either you or this gentleman, but I know the man who hired your carriage yesterday."

"Where is the baste?"

"Here is his address—you'll find him in the barroom there," and the young man gave the hackman the name of the hotel where Donald Sylvester was stopping. He took the slip of paper and walked out without even thanking the stranger or apologizing to Joe Wiley.

"I am sure I thank you, sir, for your kindness," said the young lecturer, advancing and extending his hand. "I would be happy to know you, sir."

"Thanks; my name is Dick Wild, and——"

"I hope you and your name are at variance," remarked the young lecturer, shaking his hand.

"I think I am very well named," said Dick, "though I am a great lover of fair play. I came here to see you to-day, though I am not one of your temperance crowd."

"I am sorry for that, though you have uttered the sentiments of a true man."

"Thank you, sir. When I see a villain plotting against an innocent man like your friend, I feel like not only talking but acting like a true man."

"Whom do you allude to?"

"Scotty Briggs."

"Mr. Briggs is my friend."

"Yes; but the man who looks like you is not the friend of either of you."

"Oh, now I comprehend you," said Joe, again brightening up.

"I am glad of that. Both of you have need to watch him."

"I am on the watch all the time. My time will come when I will wreak a terrible vengeance on him. I am again under obligations to you, sir."

"Not at all, sir," and Dick took leave of the party to hurry back to where he had left the counterpart of Joe Wiley, to see the meeting between him and the hackman.

Nearly a score of lookers-on had heard the conversation at the door of the courtroom, and seeing the anger of the hackman, they hastened up to the hotel in hope of seeing a fight. It is strange what a peculiar fascination a fight has for a great variety of people.

On reaching the hotel the hackman dismounted from his seat and stalked into the hotel, glancing to the right and left as he passed on to the barroom. The first man he saw on entering was Donald Sylvester, who was standing by the bar, surrounded by a crowd of men noisily discussing the disturbance at the meeting of the night before. He stepped up and laid a heavy hand on his shoulder, with:

"Bejabers, an' yez look loike the other one."

"What do you want of me?"

"Faith, an' I wants me kerridge hire—three dollars."

"I don't owe you any three dollars," replied Sylvester, pushing his hand off his shoulder.

"Yer don't, eh? By the howly St. Patrick, av yez don't pay me I'll cave in the roof av yer head! It's not the loikes av yez that'll be afther ridin' in Terence McGuire's kerridge for nothing. Yer gave me ther slip, but I'm up wid yer, an' now give me the money or I'll——"

Donald Sylvester tried to get away through the crowd, saying:

"I am not your man. Everybody that looks like me gets rides in carriages and sends the fools of drivers to me for pay. I'm not running a free hack line."

"No more am I!" cried Terence, grabbing him by the coat collar and lifting him almost off his feet, "an' yez will know that ef yez don't pay me, begorra!"

"Here, you hackman!" cried the barkeeper, "get out of this double-quick!"

"Kape out av me way!" cried Terence. "Will yez pay me for me kerridge?"

"No—I'm not your man!"

Whack! came a beer bottle against Terence's head, flung by the barkeeper, and the stalwart hackman reeled under the force of the blow.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WRECK OF THE BAR.

"Whoop—Killarney forever!" yelled Terence McGuire, recovering from the blow, and in a burst of wrath he seized Sylvester by his coat collar and the seat of his pants, and hurled him over the bar at the bartender. The latter dodged and the luckless Sylvester fell with a tremendous crash among the decanters, ornaments and glasses, literally destroying the whole bar in a single moment. Such wholesale destruction could scarcely have been done by a stroke of lightning. The glasses jingled down on the floor, and the great fine French mirror crumbled into a thousand pieces. The barkeeper was literally overwhelmed by broken glass and streaming liquids; and Sylvester, cut and bruised, lay helpless in the wreck.

"Howly St. Patrick!" gasped the astounded Irishman, appalled at the wholesale destruction, which would take his whole team to pay for.

The next moment he bolted out of the place, mounted his box, and astonished his horses by laying on the whip as he had never done before. They plunged madly, wildly down the street, and never stopped till he had reached a well-known livery stable, where he had received a liberal offer for his turnout two or three days before.

"Is Misther Mullaly in?" he asked of one of the men at the entrance of the stable.

"Yis," replied the man.

"Tell him Terence McGuire will be afther thradin' wid him."

Mullaly stepped out of his office, and in five minutes Terence had sold his entire turnout for seven hundred dollars.

"Whoop!" he yelled, leaping up and knocking his heels together, "who'll be afther payin' the damages now, begorra?"

"What damages?" asked Mullaly, in alarm. "Is the team damaged any?"

"Divil a bit, me hearty. It's the bar that is smashed."

"What bar?"

"Up at the Gudgeon Hotel, begorra. I throwed a blackguard fornist the bar, an' bejabers he was a torpedo as busted an' blowed the bar to Kingdom Come! Be me soul, he must have been the ghost of Father Mathew!"

Mullaly felt relieved, and went back into his office laughing heartily at Terence's sudden acceptance of the offer he had declined two days before.

When Donald Sylvester crawled out from under the wreck of the bar, he was a pitiable-looking object. The heavy cut glass, shattered into a thousand pieces, had cut him, in falling, in a dozen places. He was drenched with liquors, and half dead from the terrible force of his fall.

"What in thunder does all this mean?" demanded the proprietor of the hotel, rushing in in time to see Sylvester and the barkeeper crawl out together. "You've played thunder! How did it happen?"

"A sucker came in and began a row," said the bartender, "and I ordered him out. He snatched up Joe Wiley there, and threw him over onto the bar, and smashed the mischief out of it."

"Where is he—where is he?"

"Oh, he fired himself out, then," answered Dick Wild, who had been a quiet witness of the fracas.

Sylvester recognized Dick's voice, and turned to him with:

"Did you go to the court?"

"Yes."

"Discharged?"

"Yes."

"Did that hackman go there?"

"He did."

"And he sent him here?"

"No."

"Who was it?"

"A friend of yours—it was a practical joke."

"Joke nothing! I'm broken all to pieces!"

"Oh, you can stand it, I guess," chuckled Dick.

"Look here, Dick Wild, did you do that?"

"Why should I?"

"Did you do it?" demanded Sylvester, fiercely.

"Who are you talking to so boldly?"

"Take that!" and Sylvester dealt him a blow that staggered him back two or three paces.

"A fight—a fight!" cried the crowd, which had greatly increased since the noise of the destruction of the bar.

Dick recovered, and rushed upon him with the fury of a tiger. He seized him by the throat, hissing:

"You worthless impostor, I'll strangle the life out of you!"

But Sylvester was young and courageous. He struggled loose and again dealt him another blow. Round and round they went, giving and taking hard blows, till two policemen rushed in and took them in custody.

"Take them away," said the proprietor. "Somebody has ruined my bar and must pay for it."

"I have had nothing to do with your bar," said Dick.

"No, he had nothing to do with it," added the bartender. "An Irishman came in and threw Sylvester right over onto it."

The two policemen started to carry their prisoners to the police station.

"I am not going—do you hear that?" said Sylvester, doggedly. "I've done nothing to be arrested for."

"Yer won't! Take that, then!" and whack went a club on his head.

"Shame—shame!" cried a dozen voices at once.

"Dry up, yer blackguards!" retorted the officer, "or I'll run yez all in!"

"Let's run 'em out, boys!" shouted one of the gang, sending a chair whizzing through the air. Bottles, spittoons, glasses and many other things flew about like bats.

The officers beat a retreat.

"Mizzle, boys!" and the gang separated, quietly gliding out in various directions, leaving the proprietor alone with the wreck of his bar.

CHAPTER X.

THE POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE.

The awful crash in the bar and billiard-room of the Gudgeon Hotel, caused by Terence McGuire, the hackman, making a missile of Donald Sylvester, and the subsequent fight with the police, created immense excitement in the neighborhood.

The two police officers, who had been forced to release their two prisoners and fly for their lives, soon returned with assistance, but their prisoners and assailants had vanished, and were nowhere to be seen.

"Where are those men?" they asked of the barkeeper.

"How should I know?" he replied, surlily, gazing wrathfully at the wreck of his bar. "They've gone—mizzled."

"Who are the two men we arrested?"

"Joe Wiley and Dick Wild."

"Where do they live?"

"Wiley lives here in the hotel, and Wild resides uptown somewhere."

"Who were those roughs who attacked us?"

"You know as much about them as I do," replied the barkeeper, who was not disposed to give any of his customers away. "A big hackman by the name of McGuire commenced the row, though."

"Ah, I know him," said one of the officers. "Terence McGuire—Big Terry, they call him. Was he drunk?"

"He never drank anything here. He had a row with Wiley and threw him at the bar."

The officers surveyed the wreck, drove back the crowd, and then went off in search of the several men who were engaged in the difficulty.

"I know where you can find Joe Wiley," said a rough-looking fellow, stepping up to one of the officers.

"Where?"

"Up at the — hotel."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him go there, that's how; but you needn't go if you don't want to, cap."

The officer went off in the direction of the hotel named, scarcely hoping to find his recent prisoner there.

When he reached the hotel he glanced around at the groups of young men he saw there, but could see nothing of his prisoner. He saw Scotty Briggs, whom he had known for a long time, and was surprised to see him in a new suit of clothes and sober.

He had not read the morning papers.

"Hello, Scotty!" he exclaimed, half disposed to arrest him on suspicion of having stolen the clothes. "How's this? Been to a fire, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied Scotty, good-naturedly, "I've been in a fire for nearly five years. I'm out now, though."

"It must have paid you well, judging from appearances," said the officer, looking suspiciously at him.

"Paid me!" exclaimed the reformed drunkard. "I was burned out—inside and out!"

"Better get burned out again, then. I'd like to go to such a fire if I can get togs like those you have on."

"These were given me by the best friend I ever had, and for his sake, as well as that of my family, I've sworn an oath never to go about that fire again."

"Oh, you mean you have sworn off from drinking, do you?"

"That's it—you've hit exactly," said Scotty, smiling.

"Sensible," remarked the knight of the club. "But who was the good friend, Scotty?"

"Joe Wiley, the young tem—"

The officer gave a start, and asked quickly:

"Joe Wiley! Where is he?"

"There he comes now with those two gentlemen," and Scotty pointed to Joe, who was coming down the stairs, accompanied by two well-known temperance men.

The officer recognized him at once, and without any ceremony advanced, and roughly seizing him by the collar, said:

"I've got you now, sir, and any tricks on your part will get you a good clubbing. Come along with me!"

"Why, what do you mean?" demanded Joe, in undisguised amazement.

"Come along, I say, or I'll—"

"Hold on, officer," called one of the temperance men; "you have made a mistake."

"I'll take you in, too, if you open your head," said the officer, shaking his club at him.

"But what have I done?" demanded Joe, indignantly.

"Oh, you haven't done anything at all; you never do—come along, or I'll break your head for you!"

"I decline to go," said Joe, firmly.

"You won't?" and the locust was raised to strike.

Scotty Briggs snatched the locust from his hand.

"Keep cool, Jim," said the reformed drunkard. "This ain't the Joe Wiley you're looking for."

"Yes, it is," said the officer, drawing his pistol. "Give me my club, or I'll blow your—"

Scotty sprang upon him, and wrested the pistol from his hand, and the two temperance friends, who came down the stairs with Wiley, aided him in keeping him a prisoner.

"I will go with you now, sir," said Joe, "but not as your prisoner. I want to see if you have any right to arrest whom you please without any provocation."

"Didn't I arrest you two hours ago at the Gudgeon Hotel?" demanded the officer, "and didn't your gang take you away from me?"

"No—I haven't seen you before to-day."

"Heavens, what a lie!"

"I have been with Mr. Wiley all the morning," said one of the friends, "and know that you are mistaken."

"That's another lie," said the officer, emphatically.

"And you're another!" retorted Scotty, equally as emphatic, "for I've been with him all this morning myself!"

"You dry up, old rum sucker; I know what I am about. I tell you I arrested this man this morning at the Gudgeon Hotel!"

"You are mistaken, I tell you. You found a man there who looks like Mr. Wiley."

"You are a set of lying—"

Scotty slapped him on the mouth, and knocked off the end of his remarks.

"Scotty Briggs, I'll whip you for that if I die for it!" and the enraged officer fairly foamed at the mouth.

"If you can do it," said Scotty, sarcastically.

"I can do it!" he exclaimed.

"That's another lie!" returned Scotty.

The officer tore himself loose from the two men who had been holding him, and plunged at Scotty, as though he would annihilate him. But Scotty drunk and Scotty sober made all the difference in the world, as the policeman soon found out. Scotty planted a blow between the eyes that staggered him backward as if a mule had kicked him.

"It's no use, Jimmy," said Scotty, smiling; "you can't arrest this gang!"

Just then two other policemen, attracted by the crowd, rushed in and asked:

"What's the row here?"

"Jimmy wants to arrest this gang," said Scotty, "and he can't do it, that's all."

"Well, I guess he can," said the other two. "Who's your man, Jimmy?"

"Scotty and that man Joe Wiley, there," replied Jimmy, the unfortunate policeman.

"Joe Wiley?" exclaimed the spokesman of the other two; "what's he done, Jimmy?"

"Why, he had a fight down at Gudgeon's Hotel, this morning, raising general and particular ructions," replied the ar-

resting officer, "and when I undertook to arrest him the gang piled in on me, cleaning me out in a jiffy."

"Are you sure this is the man?"

"Sure? I'd swear it!"

"But you know there are two Joe Wileys," said one of the officers, who had been reading the papers.

"The deuce!"

"Yes, and both precisely alike. You've been sold, Jimmy!"

Jimmy scrutinized Joe from head to foot with the greatest innocence imaginable.

"Blow my eyes!" he muttered, "if you oughtn't to be killed on principle!"

CHAPTER XI.

SCOTTY BRIGGS AND THE LAW—IN THE GAMBLER'S DEN.

The laugh at the expense of the policeman was more than he could endure with equanimity.

"I'll arrest you!" he hissed, turning to Scotty, after he had received his club and pistol.

"What for?" Scotty asked.

"For interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duty."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Scotty; "you'd look nice standing up and swearing you were doing your duty, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I was doing my duty," said the officer, "for that was a mistake that any man was liable to make. But you are not the one to judge of my mistakes. Come along—I'll run you in!"

"I won't go!" said Scotty, prepared to strike for freedom again.

"No—no, Scotty!" cried Joe. "Go with him and I'll go along to see you through."

"If you say so I'm willing," said Scotty, sitting down on the floor; "take me along—I won't resist."

"Well, get up and come along!"

"No—you must take me—I won't walk a step for you."

"Oh, blast you, I'll bust you over the head, if you don't!" exclaimed the angry officer, who saw that Scotty had the law on his side.

"I'm an unresisting citizen," said Scotty, innocently, "and if you club me I'll prosecute you to the full extent of the law—that is if I don't kill you on the spot."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Joe Wiley, appreciating the joke. "Stick to it, Scotty. Don't move an inch!"

"Nary an inch," replied Scotty, doggedly.

"Get a truck," said one policeman to another.

The officer left, and went in search of one.

"I'll get a free ride, anyhow," chuckled the reformed drunkard.

"You'll get more than you bargained for," remarked one of the knights of the club.

"We'll go your bail, Briggs," said a bystander.

"Here comes the truck!"

"Get out of the way now," and the two policemen proceeded to pick him up.

"Gently—gently, my hearties," said Scotty.

"Gently be blowed!" growled the man on his right. "Come along here!"

"Softly—let me down easy, or you'll break something."

But they dumped him into the cart very unceremoniously, and then drove off with him.

When they reached the station house with him they had to lift him in their arms and carry him inside, where they sat him down on the floor.

"What's the charge against this man?" the man at the desk asked, dipping his pen in the ink, preparatory to making the usual record.

"Interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duty, and for striking him."

The clerk wrote it down in a ledger before him.

Just then Joe Wiley and several temperance men arrived with a lawyer. The legal gentleman succeeded in getting him out on bail to appear for trial the next day.

On making his escape from the police that morning, Donald Sylvester left the Gudgeon Hotel, making his way across to the Bowery, where he entered a costume shop. There he purchased a beard to match his hair, which made a complete change in his appearance—that is, after he had visited a barber shop and got cleaned up. He was compelled to purchase a new suit of clothes, which took all his money except about five dollars.

"Perdition!" he hissed, "nearly the last dollar gone, and my trunk in his possession. Why the deuce didn't I tell the banker to pay my drafts with the test word written on them?"

I can't get a cent from him unless I give the test word in person, as that was my understanding with him. That certified check is in my trunk. How the deuce am I to get it? To go to law about it wouldn't do me any good, as he will swear he heard me say that he was the guest of the house and not me—and he immediately gave him a test word. I might make a case of it by describing the contents of the trunk, but he might do the same thing. Blame it, I've got to make a raise somehow, or I'll be on the street with nowhere to lay my head. I'm generally lucky at anything I turn my hand to, so I'll try my luck at faro to-night. If I win, all right. If I lose I won't be much worse off than I am now. If I can manage to dodge the police I'll give Joe Wiley, as he calls himself, all the fun he wants."

The addition of a luxuriant black beard so changed his personal appearance that he had no hesitation in going freely about the streets. The change of clothes aided the disguise. He walked into the Gudgeon Hotel and found the barkeeper fixing up a new bar and otherwise repairing damages. The oaths that were sworn at Terence McGuire by the proprietor would have frightened the soul of the brave hackman, had he been a listener. But he was not.

To ascertain whether or not his disguise was safe, Donald Sylvester entered into conversation with the bartender, with whom he was well acquainted.

"What became of those who did the mischief?" he asked.

"The police caught Wiley and Dick Wild," said the bartender, "but the boys made it so hot for them that they had to let 'em go and skedaddle."

"And they haven't caught them yet?"

"I guess not, as I haven't heard of their arrest."

"Are the cops after them?"

"Yes; they came here after them, but couldn't find 'em. They had mizzled."

Donald went away satisfied as to his disguise.

He turned his attention to the searching out of Dick Wild, whom he desired to conciliate.

Dick Wild, he well knew, had the entree to every respectable gambling house in the city.

He desired, above all things, therefore, to conciliate him—make friends with him.

Meeting several of Dick's well-known friends, he inquired as to his whereabouts. Suspecting him of being a detective on Dick's track, they evaded his questions, or flatly refused to say anything.

To Aleck Holmes, Dick Wild's chum and companion, he made himself known, saying:

"The police are hunting us both. We should be friends instead of enemies. I did him a wrong this morning, and desire to apologize for it to him in person."

"Yes," replied Aleck. "Dick says you made a fool of yourself this morning, and——"

"I know I did," interrupted Donald, "but I was mad—mad as a hornet, as I thought he had given me away to that infernal hackman."

"Come with me, and I'll take you to where he is—or rather where he will be to-night."

"Where is that?"

"Up at Pete Wentzel's faro bank."

"Just the place I want to go to," said Donald, quickly; "and wanted Dick to go with me. Can you get in there?"

"Oh, yes; I'm one of the old hands there."

The result was that Aleck promised to meet him at eight o'clock that night, and work him into Pete Wentzel's noted gambling establishment.

Aleck saw Dick, and posted him.

"That's all right," said Dick. "I guess he don't want to tackle me again. But I say, Aleck, what do you think of him?"

"He's a devil incarnate."

"You are right. I am half afraid of him. But he is a wonderful genius for deviltry."

"Watch him."

"You bet I will."

Aleck piloted Sylvester into the famous den, where a strict watch was kept over every one who entered there, as they entertained a wholesome dread of the authorities.

Dick came in a few minutes later.

"Mr. Wild," said Donald, advancing and extending his hand, "I did you a wrong this morning. Please allow me to apologize. I was beside myself with anger."

"Certainly, sir; that's all right. Have a drink with me?"

"Of course."

Aleck joined them in a glass of champagne.

On entering Donald had removed his beard, and now appeared as Joe Wiley, the young temperance lecturer.

One of the many gamblers present saw and recognized him. "By the holy poker, fellows!" he exclaimed, "we're going to be pulled. There's a spy in the house."

"Where?" whispered the proprietor, laying his hand on his revolver.

"There—that pale-faced young fellow with Dick Wild."

The proprietor looked scrutinizingly at him for the space of a minute or two.

He then deliberately arose, and walking over to where the party were standing at the side-board, remarked to Wild:

"I want to see you, Wild."

Dick followed him aside.

The proprietor said:

"Who is the stranger?"

Dick eyed him for a moment, and then replied:

"Joe Wiley."

"O. K.?"

"Yes."

The proprietor beckoned to the gambler who had mentioned his presence.

"Do you know the party?" he asked.

"He is the temperance lecturer."

Dick smiled, and explained.

The proprietor was satisfied.

"Does he play?"

"I suppose so," replied Dick, as he is a born devil in nearly everything else."

In a few minutes Joe Wiley—or rather Donald Sylvester—sat down at the table, and taking out the last money he had—a single five-dollar bill—bought five chips with it.

He was cool and self-possessed, playing as though it was an every-day experience with him.

One by one his chips disappeared until only one remained.

The last one he placed on the queen of hearts.

It won.

He placed both on the jack of clubs.

They won.

He placed the four on the nine of clubs.

And won.

With a cool recklessness, he placed the eight chips on the ace of diamonds.

After a few draws, it came out winner.

"Now for the ace of clubs," he said, placing the whole stack of chips on that card.

He waited quietly for the appearance of the ace.

It came at last, and he was again a winner.

"Aha—I am in luck to-night," he quietly remarked, as the dealer doubled the stack of chips before him.

Twice again he won, and hundreds of dollars' worth of chips were piled up before him. It was noised throughout the room that the stranger was doubling every bet he made.

The dealer trembled, for sometimes such players utterly ruin a faro bank.

Once more he placed the whole pile on a card—the jack of diamonds, and breathlessly watched the drawing of the cards. It came out a loser!

CHAPTER XII.

THE MIDNIGHT DOUBLE MURDER.

The dealer drew a long breath of relief as he raked in the pile of chips.

"Will you play again, sir?" he asked of Donald Sylvester.

"After a while, when I have had a smoke," said Donald, knowing his last dollar was gone.

He arose and walked over to the side-board where wines and cigars were placed in the greatest profusion for the free use of the patrons of the house, and took a drink and a cigar.

"You played too high," remarked Dick Wild, by his side.

"That's my style—play high and win high."

"But you lost all."

"I am only five dollars out."

"True, but you were hundreds ahead at the last game."

"And I would have been thousands ahead had I won," he replied, lighting his cigar.

"You have plenty of nerve," remarked Dick.

"That is the strength of the game."

"I guess so—but when I win ten I never bet more than half of it again on a single card."

Hours passed, and the two men walked leisurely about the room, going from one table to the other watching the progress of the different games.

At one of the tables at the further end of the room a group of eager lookers-on were gathered watching the game.

"How goes it?" Dick asked of a man near the outer edge of the party.

"Big stakes," whispered the impecunious bystander. "Man trying to break the bank—doubles every stake!"

"Got the cue from you, Wiley," said Dick, leaning forward to catch a glimpse of the game. Sylvester elbowed his way to the end of the table where he could get a good view of the player and dealer.

He watched the game with intense interest.

Hour after hour he stood there watching the man whose cool nerve he could but admire, for he would coolly place a thousand dollars' worth of chips on the turning of a single card.

That single card would turn up winner with a regularity that astonished the spectators and filled the dealer with dismay.

Two thousand were placed on a card and—won.

A murmur of astonishment went around the room.

Players left the other tables and crowded around to see the game that commanded such high stakes.

The two thousand dollar stake became four thousand in the next deal, and again the cool stranger was a winner.

Eight thousand on the ace of spades!

"This is getting interesting," whispered Sylvester to Dick Wild, who stood by his side holding his very breath in the intensity of excitement.

"Yes—eight thousand dollars on a single card!"

"Hush—sh!" nudged the man next to him, as if fearing that a whisper would break the charm or terrible romance of the game.

The stranger won!

"The game is ended, gentlemen," said the dealer, "the bank is closed."

"Have I broken you?" the stranger asked.

"No, but we will play no more to-night."

"Will you please cash these chips?"

The dealer called to the proprietor, who came, and after a low whispered conversation with him, went to a safe and took therefrom a package of bills of a large denomination.

He counted out the sum of the stranger's winnings and handed it over to him.

"You are in luck to-night," he remarked, as the stranger took the money.

"Yes, rather fortunate," replied the man, placing the bills in an inner pocket, and buttoning up his coat.

"I will not tell you that I will be glad to see you again," said the proprietor, with a grim smile. "You cut too deep."

"I suppose you are willing to take as well as give?"

"Oh, yes, I make no complaint. I would have taken your last dollar in a fair game if I could."

"That's what I call square," returned the stranger, shaking the hand of Pete, the proprietor. "I've been cleaned out often, sir, in my time. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, sir."

And the two men parted.

The stranger left the place alone.

"Follow him and do your work," whispered Pete Wentzel to a stout, well-dressed man, whom Sylvester had several times noticed during the evening.

He was a dark-visaged man, whose little black eyes seemed to look you through; with a cold glitter in them that sent a chill creeping up your spine.

His face was that of a cunning, cruel nature. Donald Sylvester noticed the hurried glance he sent after the departed stranger, and thought he divined the nature of his thoughts.

The dark-visaged man left immediately after the successful player had departed.

"Oh, is that your game?" muttered Donald Sylvester, to himself. "Then I'll follow and see how it is done. Perhaps I may be of use to somebody in distress."

Dick Wild and Aleck Holmes were discussing the big haul on the establishment with a party over a bottle of wine, and did not notice his departure. Sylvester was gone in a minute.

On reaching the street he found it almost deserted.

The hour was late.

The intense excitement at the gaming table had made him oblivious of the flight of time.

He saw only one man.

The dark-visaged man with the beetling eyebrows.

He it was whom he designed to follow.

Creeping noiselessly along under the shadow of the houses, avoiding the light of the street lamps as much as possible, he kept the lurking man in sight.

Strange to say, the pursuer looked not behind to see whether the specter of death hovered on his own track.

He kept on the trail of the man who had forced Pete Wentzel's faro bank to close, and when a corner was reached, just

where the cavernous mouth of a cellar yawned, he plunged forward and dealt him a blow with a slung-shot, crushing his skull and sending him tumbling down the dark cellarway a dead man.

Like a vampire he sank down the dark passage, and crouched by the side of his victim.

To remove the money he had won that night to his own person was but the work of a moment.

A dozen persons might have passed him without dreaming that murder and robbery were being committed almost within arms' length of them.

"A murder, by the gods!" muttered Donald Sylvester, under the shadow of the corner within five steps of where the murderer was doing his fiendish work.

The murderer raised his head to a level with the sidewalk and looked cautiously around.

No one was in sight.

He sprang up the steps and started towards the corner, where Donald Sylvester stood waiting for him.

Just as he came under the shadow of the awning he felt a streak of cold steel pierce his heart.

He threw up his hand convulsively—grasped the dagger—drew it out, and with a fearful oath reeled against the awning post, which he clutched with a terrific death grip, and drove the keen point of the dagger into it.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

Donald Sylvester stepped back two paces when he plunged the knife into the breast of Pete Wentzel's hired assassin.

He dreaded the collision with the terribly savage man, even in his death throes.

To his horrified amazement, his victim, instead of falling to the ground, clutched the awning post, and clung to it with a spasmodic death grip.

The dagger—crimson with his life's blood—remained sticking in the post, just where he had stuck it.

But he remained silent and still as a marble statue, moving not a limb or a muscle.

Donald Sylvester remained crouching in the shadow of the awning, effectually concealed from observation.

He watched the man with undisguised astonishment.

"By the gods!" he mentally exclaimed, "I know that knife went to his heart. Why the deuce doesn't he fall?"

And he watched to see him sink to the ground, when he would dart out of the shadow of the awning and secure the money.

Hark! Footsteps are heard approaching.

He shrinks further back in the dark shadow.

A solitary policeman passes on his beat, and stops to gaze at the figure of the man leaning against the awning post. He thinks him some belated individual who stands there to get his ideas more completely under control before making the final effort to reach home.

He little dreamed the man had already gone home—to his long, eternal home.

He passed on and the strange stillness puzzled Sylvester.

He crept to his side and glanced into his face.

He started back with a gasp of horror.

The face was that of a dead man, with the stony glare of a corpse.

The assassin had died just as he clutched the post and drove the knife into it with the desperate energy of a last blow.

"This is better than if he had fallen!" thought Donald Sylvester, as he quickly thrust his hand into his pocket, in the bosom of his coat, and drew it out crimsoned with blood, but with rolls of bills in it.

"Ugh!" he shuddered, as he tore away two or three of the bills which had become saturated with blood.

He transferred the money to his own pockets.

"You may keep the knife, my good friend of the slung-shot," said Donald, as he turned to go away.

Quick as the serpent's strike, a dark form darted out from under the awning—having come up the street below—and grasped him by the throat.

"You are robbing this man!" hissed a voice.

Donald staggered back—tore himself loose by main strength—leaving his false beard in the stranger's hand.

"Stop, thief!" cried the man.

"You infernal meddler!" hissed Donald, aiming a blow at him that was intended to fell him to the ground.

The unknown assailant parried the blow and struck out hard and fast.

Footsteps were heard running towards them.

The solitary policeman was returning on his beat, hearing the cry of "stop thief!"

Knowing his safety was alone in instant and successful flight, Donald Sylvester turned and ran down the street as fast as his heels could carry him.

The solitary policeman and the stranger pursued him.

He fled for life.

Fear lent wings to his feet.

Just as he turned the first corner two policemen seized him.

In the glare of the gaslight they got a good look at his pallid face.

"What's your hurry?" one of them asked.

"My wife is dying—the doctor—the doctor!" cried Donald.

"In the next block," said the policeman, relaxing his hold upon him.

He darted away like an antelope.

The next moment the pursuers turned the corner.

"Which way did he go?"

"Who?"

"The robber—thief!" they cried.

"This way?" and then all four started in pursuit.

But he had gained an advantage in the delay of ten seconds, and no man knew better than he how to avail himself of it.

In the next block—just where the rays of the street lights did not reach, stood an old house undergoing repairs. The front was torn out.

He darted in there and crouched behind some barrels of lime.

The pursuers dashed by with a swift-footed celerity, feeling sure he had pushed on ahead to escape them.

Policemen make as many blunders as other people, and Donald Sylvester rightly calculated upon that peculiar trait in their management of cases.

When they had passed the block he quietly stepped out on the street and walked off in an opposite direction.

In five minutes he had caught a down-town car and was on the way towards the postoffice.

The night being cold, he pulled down his hat and straightened up his coat collar, thus effectually concealing his features from observation.

He went to a down-town hotel, took a room and retired.

"I am about eight thousand dollars in hand by this racket," he muttered, as he locked and bolted the door of his room. "If those two cops saw my face they'll arrest Gerald Romaine for it, and thus put him to the trouble of proving an alibi. That will direct suspicion in another direction, which will relieve me. Ah, Gerald Romaine, I'll get even with you for the trick of the trunk."

He concealed the money about his person, and then closely examined his clothes for spots of blood.

He found none.

But on several bills he did, and he burned them over the gas-jet.

"Tell-tale records must perish," he muttered.

This being over with, he retired for the night.

But not to sleep.

The hideous vision of that assassin clinging with his death-grip to that awning post, with the dagger sticking in the wood, caused him to start with fear every few minutes.

The morning came at last, but he dared not leave at that time.

He lay there in bed and read the papers nearly all day, and still dared not go out on the street without his beard.

The afternoon papers were brought up to him.

The first thing that met his eye on opening the paper was the word "mystery!"

Then followed a recital of the story of the murder of the stranger in the cellar entrance, and the singular fact of the dead man clinging to the post in an upright position.

The paper stated that the police thought both men had killed each other at the same time. The fact that a man was seen robbing the dead man caused many to think differently.

The police had the beard and were now looking for the owner.

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled Donald Sylvester. "I'll just walk into headquarters and claim my beard, won't I?"

Night came on, and he prepared to leave the hotel.

The wind was blowing keenly.

He pulled down his hat and raised his collar, as thousands of others on the streets of the great city were doing at that moment, and pushed along through Chatham street towards the Bowery.

No one noticed him, for the reason that everybody else was

as busy as he in keeping out the cold and pushing onward to their destination.

To the costumer of whom he purchased the beard the day before he went, and there bought a wig and beard of an auburn color, which he immediately adjusted to his head and face.

The change was marked.

His most intimate acquaintance would not have known him.

He went out again, feeling safe from recognition.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MYSTERY THICKENS.

When the man who had won the eight thousand dollars from Pete Wentzell's faro bank had been gone from the establishment but a few minutes, Dick Wild missed him.

Pete felt a little sick.

To have a man walk in with five thousand dollars in his pocket, and then walk out with eight thousand was enough to send a man like Pete Wentzell to the hospital.

The stranger being gone, Dick turned to talk to Donald Sylvester, or, as he knew him, Joe Wiley.

"He's gone, sah," said the colored waiter to whom Dick had applied.

Dick remained silent, going away with his friend a few minutes later.

But he kept up a vigorous thinking all the while.

He had formed an estimate of Joe Wiley's character and believed him capable of perpetrating any crime.

Gerald Romaine, the real Joe Wiley, the young lecturer, appeared before the court the next day after Scotty Briggs' arrest, to plead for and make explanations in his behalf.

His defense was ingenious and made a good impression on the justice. Still he did not succeed in getting him out of the scrape without a fine.

"The fine is paid, your honor," said Wiley, promptly laying down a bill on the desk of the clerk of the court.

"The prisoner is released, then," remarked the judge.

Scotty bowed to the court and followed the young lecturer out of the room.

That afternoon Joe Wiley read the accounts of the double murder of the night before. He was particularly shocked at the description of the man standing erect, stiff and cold, clinging to the awning post so tenaciously that it required the united strength of two men to release his rigid corpse from it.

The identity of the parties was not established until quite late in the day.

A policeman finally recognized the beetle-browed assassin as one belonging to Pete Wentzell's establishment.

It leaked out that the murdered man had won a large sum of money on the night of his murder, and that he left Pete Wentzell's with the money on his person.

"Then," said the chief detective, who was working up the case, "somebody who was in there that night must have followed him to commit the murder."

The policeman who chased Donald Sylvester down the street, together with the man who snatched the false beard from his face, appeared and told their story.

"That man got the money!" exclaimed the detective. "But did he kill either—that's the question?"

Two policemen testified to having passed the dead man hugging the awning, and thought it was a live man leaning against it waiting for a friend or perhaps to cool off the fever of late drinking.

The case was altogether one of great mystery.

The body of the stranger was taken to the morgue for identification. Hundreds of people passed in and out to view it.

At last it was recognized by a closely veiled woman in black.

"It is he!" she gasped, with a shudder.

"Who?" asked an official in attendance.

"Mr. Humphrey!"

"Who is he?"

"A gentleman from Dayton, Ohio."

"Who are you?"

"His friend."

"Your name?"

"I'd rather not tell it, sir."

The woman in black left, followed by a detective, who had been instructed to follow her.

He traced her to lodgings where it was ascertained that a man by the name of Humphrey, with a lady whom he repre-

sented as his wife, had been living very quietly there for two weeks.

Further than that they could not find out.

CHAPTER XV.

SCOTTY BRIGGS' SPEECH AGAIN, AND TERENCE MCGUIRE.

On the night of the murder of the man Humphrey and his assassin, Joe Wiley and Scotty Briggs spoke before an immense audience at Cooper Union. The young lecturer's reputation had become established, and hundreds had to go away without being able to get into the hall.

His eloquence was of that fervid, glowing nature that never fails to touch the heart of the people and elicit thunderous applause.

When he was through a man jumped up in the audience and asked:

"Mr. Wiley, did you ever see me before?"

"I never did," promptly replied the young lecturer, gazing at the man with deep earnestness. "Why do you ask?"

"Because you made me drunk last night at the Gudgeon Hotel."

Half the audience sprang to its feet in a twinkling.

"You are mistaken, my friend," said the lecturer. "You must have met the man who looks like me."

"I should smile, I did. He looked just like you, sonny," replied the man, sarcastically.

Joe Wiley went to the front of the platform and said:

"The gentleman seems not to have heard that there is another man who looks like me, but who is not a temperance man."

"Oh, that's too thin, Joe Wiley," replied a voice in the audience. "I know you."

"Put him out!"

"Sit down—sit down!"

Two policemen made their way towards the man who interrupted the speaker.

"Let him alone!" cried Joe; "don't touch him. He honestly believes he drank liquor with me last night."

"I will swear that I did," said the man, earnestly.

"Two gentlemen remained with me all night in order to witness that I am just what I pretend to be," said the young lecturer.

"And I have twenty men who will swear that you treated the crowd and drank with us last night," replied the man, with startling emphasis.

"I understand that the police are now looking for the man who personates me. I will give any man, or men, one hundred dollars reward if they will catch him and deliver him up to the authorities."

Immense enthusiasm was created by this offer.

"But if we should pick you up, what then?"

"I am not the man."

The meeting adjourned, and Joe Wiley, accompanied by Scotty Briggs and a few friends, went back to the hotel.

He had scarcely entered the hotel when the same big hackman, Terence McGuire, who had attacked him that morning about carriage hire which he supposed he owed him, accosted him.

"Give us yer flipper, me bye!" he exclaimed. "Terence McGuire heard ye spake to-night, and by the holy St. Patrick, I'll ask yer pardon for me rudeness this mornin'."

"Oh, that's all right, my good man," said Joe, good-naturedly. "Did you find your man after all your trouble?"

"Didn't I? By me soul, but he's the picture av yez. I called for me kerridge fare, an' begorra, the haythen tould me to go to the devil, bad cess to the loikes av him!"

"Oh, well, you didn't go, of course."

"Bad luck to him, I didn't. The gossoon chaffed me, an' I tossed him through the bar, and, begorra, the place is closed for repairs."

"Ah!" exclaimed a voice, "here he is now; arrest him!"

Terence McGuire turned and saw two policemen advancing upon him.

Terence had a great repugnance to being arrested by less than a dozen officers at a time. He had the strength of an ox, and on squaring himself for a fight, displayed a pair of fists and arms that awed the officers into prudence.

"Guess you'll find that won't pay, Terry," said one of them, approaching him.

"Oh, I'm the bye that's payin' out the hard money," said Terence, "so be afther comin' an' dhraw your pay."

They charged on him together, and got laid out for their pains, as he knocked them both down in about two seconds and then made a dash for the door.

The two officers sprang up and started in pursuit of him.

He had the start on them and made good use of his advantage.

Turning down a side street, he ran with all speed, the two officers in hot pursuit.

Suddenly he dodged them, and they were in a maze of doubt as to the direction he had taken.

"He's in the block somewhere," said one.

"Then we'll patrol the block," said the other.

Together they made the rounds of the block two or three times, confident that he was somewhere concealed therein.

Hour after hour passed, and still they hovered around the block.

Suddenly at the lower corner—toward North River—a man ran right into their arms, out of breath and pallid with fear.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWO LETTERS.

The pallid-faced man who ran into their arms was Donald Sylvester—the counterpart of Joe Wiley—who was escaping arrest at the moment.

But the officers knew him not, and the frantic inquiry for the doctor at once excited their sympathy and disarmed suspicion.

They not only released him, but told him where he could find a physician.

He darted away, and in another minute was concealed in the old building that was undergoing repairs, within a few feet of where Terence McGuire, the stalwart hackman, was concealed.

In the darkness Terry failed to recognize him.

He knew not that he was a fugitive like himself.

On the contrary, he thought he was one of his pursuers, on the watch for him.

When Sylvester left the building, Terence remained quiet for nearly an hour.

At last he crept away, and left the vicinity as quickly as he could.

The next day he read in the papers the account of the great double murder, and saw the testimony of the two officers into whose very arms the murderer had run.

He knew then that the person who crept into the old building with him was the murderer.

He grew more and more uneasy, and crossed over to New Jersey, to remain until he thought it safe to return.

On the night following the murder, another great crowd gathered at Cooper Union to hear the young lecturer. Joe was more eloquent, if possible, than ever before.

Hundreds signed the pledge.

While he was yet speaking, a young man came to the ante-room in the rear of the platform and asked to see him.

"When he gets through speaking," said the secretary of the meeting, "he will come in here."

The young man waited patiently until the lecture ended.

"Here are two letters for you, Mr. Wiley," said the young man, "and as one of them is directed 'please deliver at once,' I thought I would come to the hall here and give them to you, as you have not been about the hotel to-day."

Joe took the two letters and stared in surprise at the young man.

He couldn't exactly understand him, as he had remained in the hotel nearly the entire day.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," he said, kindly, as he took the letters.

"No thanks, sir," said the young man, as he bowed and retired.

He started and turned white as a sheet as he read on one of them:

"Mr. Joseph Wiley,
"Hotel,"
"New York City,"

written in tiny, delicate characters, that plainly revealed the hand of a sweet, timid little woman.

"It's from Eunice," he gasped, sinking down into a chair, looking more like a dead than a live man. "I know the handwriting!"

He glared at the address as though some charmed spell prevented him from opening it.

At last he tore it open.

Glancing at the bottom of the third page, he read the signature,

"YOUR OWN EUNICE,"

and pressed it to his pallid lips.

"Thank heaven!" he murmured, and then turned to read it.

"My dear Gerald," it ran, "yours with slips of paper containing your lecture as delivered in New York, together with the comments of the press, came to-day. Words fail me, dear Gerald, in describing my happiness in reading of your success, for I love you as few women can love. Sometimes I have thought of late that you had ceased to love me, as I imagined that you were remiss in many of those endearing little attentions to my comfort that formerly contributed so much to my happiness; I could but regard them as so many evidences of your affection for me. Still I can see and feel that you do not love me as you once did. Oh, Gerald, if you should ever cease to love me I would wither and die, for I could not more exist without your love than can the flowers live without sunshine and rain. I am sorry to learn that the miserable impostor who looks so much like you is still pursuing you, trying to bring disgrace upon your name. Is there no remedy at law for such as he?"

"By the way, Mr. Goldberg, your banker, came to see me to-day, and brought two or three letters from you with him. He seems to be in some doubt about a certified check which he cashed yesterday. He says the check is all right, as it was issued by him to you, but does not know what to think of your letter, in which you said you were short of money, and asked him to forward you some. He says the test word is right which you sent in the letter, but thinks you had better change it from 'Faithful' to 'Fidelis.' He says he will send you the money immediately. You may think strange of his coming to me, but he knows of our engagement, you know, and wanted to see me about changing the test word. Write me again, darling, and believe me, as ever,

Your faithful,
"EUNICE."

"Thank heaven!" he murmured again, as he finished the letter and kissed the spot where she had signed the name he loved so well. "She is all mine again! In the innocence of her heart she has given me the test word by which I can again enter in possession of my own. I will leave New York this night—this very hour—as soon as I can see Scotty!"

Scotty had been called out by the enthusiastic audience, and was at that moment entertaining them.

Joe, trembling, opened the other letter, and found that it was from Goldberg, his banker.

A check for \$500 fell to the floor as he opened the letter.

He picked it up and read it.

It was payable to the order of Gerald Romaine.

Scotty came into the waiting-room just as Joe had finished reading the banker's letter.

"Scotty," whispered Wiley, clutching his arm, "see these two letters?"

"Yes."

"They call me away from New York for a few days. I will leave at once. Remember the test word. Watch that impostor, and stand true to me to the last. Here is a check for \$500," and seizing a pen which stood on the table near by, he signed his name across the back of it and handed it to him.

Scotty Briggs was astonished.

It had been many years since so many dollars had been placed in his hands.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Don't ask me—but tell our friends I will return in a few days. Don't fail to watch that impostor, Donald Sylvester."

Joe shook his hand, put on his overcoat and left the building.

Just outside the door he saw a detective and three or four policemen watching as if to intercept some one.

He passed them.

"I tell you he is the man," said one of the policemen; "I would swear to that face anywhere."

"We'll arrest him when he comes out," whispered the detective.

He had passed and was gone, but they knew it not.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOTEL CLERK AND HIS CHEEK—SUDDEN FLIGHT OF JOE WILEY.

Joe Wiley returned to his hotel, called for and paid his bill, and had his baggage sent to the Erie Railroad depot. In ten minutes he was on the way to the ferry himself.

No one knew whither he had gone.

He was on the way to his old home, whence he had been driven a year ago by an impostor.

"Oh, how I have prayed for this!" he muttered, as the cars rattled away from the Hudson. "Fortune favors me—my triumph is near at hand! Eunice will soon be all my own!"

He had not been more than an hour gone, when the detective

who had been standing at the door of the Cooper Union, accompanied by the two policemen, made their appearance at the desk of the hotel clerk, and asked:

"Is Mr. Wiley in?"

"Mr. Wiley? No, sir; he's gone," was the reply of the clerk.

"Gone! Where?"

"I don't know, sir. He paid his bill and left here an hour ago."

The look of blank astonishment on the faces of the three men was almost painful.

"Mizzled!" gasped one policeman to another.

"Yes—mizzled!"

"What train did he take?" the detective asked.

"I don't know, sir; he didn't say."

"Do you know whether he went south, east, west, or——"

"Oh, yes; I know everything," remarked the clerk, sarcastically.

He was one of the traditional hotel clerks.

One of the species who are born with adamant cheeks.

"I don't think you know anything," said the detective, indignantly.

"Yes, I do."

"What is it?"

"You're on the wrong scent," and the clerk turned away with a cool nonchalance that was overpowering.

The three men walked out of the hotel and conversed in hurried whispers.

"He's skipped!"

"Yes, mizzled!"

"I have him or die!"

"Well, he's the chap," added one of the policemen. "I'll make my davy on that!"

"How did he slip out of the meeting without being seen?" asked the detective. "He must have suspected our presence there at the door."

"Yes. His flight is the best evidence of his guilt."

"I'd like to ask that infernal flinty-headed clerk if his baggage was taken away by the hotel coach or not," said the detective.

"I'll ask him," said one of the officers.

"Do so, then."

The officer went back into the hotel and walked up to the desk with an official air about him that at once attracted the attention of the clerk.

"Did Wiley's baggage go to the train in——"

"Of course it did," interrupted the clerk, quickly. "He took all his baggage with him."

"But did he send in——"

"Yes; to be sure."

"But did it go——"

"Yes, I tell you!" interrupted the clerk, with provoking emphasis.

"Look here, youngster," said the officer, bristling up and clutching his club as though he was itching to indulge in his favorite pastime, "I came in to ask you just one question, and I'm going to do it."

"Well, you've asked a dozen, and still you ain't satisfied."

"I haven't asked one yet, young man. I just got out about half of it when you yanked out an answer. Now, you just take notice. I am going to try to ask it again, and if you answer it before I am through asking it, I'll club you to death right on the spot!"

The clerk looked the picture of trembling despair.

"Are you ready?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," almost in a whisper.

"Well, I want to know if Wiley's baggage was taken away in——"

"Oh——"

"Stop, or you are a dead hotel clerk!" interrupted the officer, quickly raising his club in the air. "Was it taken away in the hotel coach or an express wagon—which?"

A look of relief came into the pallid face of the clerk.

"Yes," he replied, drawing a long breath.

"Which," asked the officer in dismay.

"In an express wagon."

"Whose?"

"I don't know."

"You are saved," and the knight of the club lowered his locust and walked out to rejoin his comrades.

"It went away in an express wagon," he said.

They hurried to each railroad depot in hopes of finding the train in which he was going not yet gone. But they were too late.

Joe Wiley was speeding westward at the rate of forty miles

an hour, little dreaming that his absence from the metropolis had been so soon noticed.

Let us now follow him on his trip.

He was nervous and evidently labored under great mental excitement.

The train seemed to go too slow for him, so great was his impatience.

"I shall not tell them till everything is secured," he muttered to himself. "Poor Eunice, she will be glad, I know, and at the same time astounded at the news when I tell her that he was the impostor and not me."

In the afternoon of the next day the train stopped at the city of his residence—the beautiful capital of Ohio—and Gerald Romaine stepped out on the platform.

"Gerald Romaine, as I live!" exclaimed a voice, and turning, he found himself face to face with an old college classmate.

"Yes, Harry, I'm back again," he said, shaking hands with his old friend, "but I am in a great hurry. All well with you, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. I see that you've had that fellow that looks like you down in New York."

"Yes; he follows me like a shadow. He designs to step into my shoes if anything should happen to me."

Gerald here entered a carriage that was standing near by and ordered the driver to drive to Goldberg's bank immediately.

The carriage stopped in front of the bank, and Gerald alighted and hastened inside.

"Is Mr. Goldberg in?" he asked of the cashier.

"Ah, Mr. Romaine, how are you?" greeted the cashier. "Yes, sir, Mr. Goldberg is in his private office. Walk in and be seated," and he showed him into the room of the president of the bank.

In a few minutes Mr. Goldberg entered.

The meeting was a cordial one, for the Romaine estate was a very heavy depositor in his bank.

Gerald leaned forward and whispered in his ear:

"Faithful!"

"That's right," and the banker laughed heartily.

"Let it be the other you suggested to Miss Eunice Crowley hereafter," said Gerald.

"Fidelis!"

"Yes; and under no circumstances write it in any communication to me."

"All right."

"And pay no regard to the word 'Faithful,' as the other must be the only one."

"Has the impostor gotten hold of the other?"

"He may. My mail has been tampered with."

"That five thousand dollar check was paid two or three days since."

"That was right. I had it cashed in New York."

"I was uneasy about it."

"It was all right," and added: "Post up my accounts by to-morrow afternoon, if you can. I would like to have a statement."

"Did you get the five hundred dollar check?"

"Yes; and gave it to a friend to pay expenses in watching and following that impostor."

The interview over, Gerald started to return to the carriage.

"Will you dine with me to-morrow evening, Mr. Romaine?" Goldberg asked.

"Yes, as I have no other engagement."

"I will have a party of friends to meet you. Joe Wiley has become quite a favorite character with us."

Gerald bowed his thanks for the compliment, and then re-entered the carriage and drove to his residence.

The old housekeeper received him very coldly and stiffly, till he gave her the test word.

Then she was all smiles and affection, for she had been his nurse when he was an infant.

"When have you seen Eunice, Aunt Sarah?" he asked.

"Yesterday," replied the housekeeper, "and she is just worrying herself to death about something."

"Poor thing! I'll go right over and see her as soon as I can shake off the dust of the cars."

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAPPY LOVERS—THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

An hour after reaching his old home from which he had been ejected by the usurper, Gerald Romaine spent in looking over his papers and effects.

He found many things missing, but still felt extremely happy that matters were no worse with him.

The thought that was uppermost in his mind was:

"How will Eunice receive me?"

He dressed himself and prepared to call on her.

The Crowleys lived in an elegant mansion on the east side of the city, surrounded by all the comforts that wealth could command.

He was shown into the parlor by the servant, and a few minutes later Eunice entered.

She was a lovely brunette, with large, lustrous black eyes, pearly teeth, clear complexion and a little above the medium height. But her face was somewhat paler than when Gerald saw her last.

"Eunice! my Eunice!" he exclaimed, darting towards her with both arms open.

"Gerald, it is you?" she asked, in a trembling voice.

"Yes, darling, your own 'Faithful,'" he replied.

With a glad cry she sprang into his arms.

He pressed her to his heart and covered her face with burning kisses till she blushed like the rose.

"My darling," he murmured, "my heart leaps with joy at once more beholding you."

"I am so happy to hear you say that, Gerald, for my heart has been paining me so much at the thought that you did not love me."

"You should not let such thoughts enter your mind, darling, for I love you better than life itself. The thought that an impostor might step in and bear you off as his bride at times nearly crazes me."

"But that could never be, dear Gerald, for the test word would protect me."

"But he might some day get hold of it. You wrote it in your last letter to me. Suppose that letter had fallen into his hands instead of mine? I would have lost you forever."

Eunice turned deathly pale and shuddered at the bare thought of being deceived into marrying the wrong man.

"He has been following me, impersonating me in various ways," continued Gerald, "and has given me no end of trouble. He is so cunning and restless that I tremble at times lest he succeeded in imposing on you. I could part with all my property, darling, and battle manfully with the world for a living, but you, darling, I could never give up."

The light of supreme joy lighted up her face, and her eyes shone with the happiness that filled her soul.

Donald Sylvester had never talked with her in that soft, warm, loving tone of voice.

She was once more contented.

"Darling," said he, after a pause. "I want you to accept of all I am worth and hold it in your own name."

"Gerald!"

"Eunice!"

"We are not yet married," she said.

"That will not prevent you from owning property," he said, smiling.

"No, but I would not have you place your property in my hands."

"Why not?"

She knew not and made no answer.

"You can take me with the property."

She blushed.

"I'd rather have you than the property," and her head sank on his breast.

"I have several engagements to fill," he added, after a pause, "and cannot go away satisfied unless the property is all placed in your name, so that if I am killed or should die, you will get it. Or, if you will go to the bishop's residence to-morrow and be married, so—"

"Married to-morrow!" she gasped.

"Yes, privately, in the presence of a few friends, before whom I will place all my property in your hands, bank account and all. Gerald Romaine will then own nothing, and the impostor can gain nothing by attempting to impersonate me."

Eunice held her head down and thought long over the matter.

He went away, to return the next morning for her answer.

That night he spent the greater part of the time in arranging the books, papers and memoranda of his estate. It was long after midnight when he retired, tired and sleepy.

The next day he called at the Crowley residence and met Eunice and her mother. They had a long talk over the matter, and finally concluded to have the marriage take place at the bishop's residence early the next morning.

They then parted to meet at the bishop's house with a few, select friends.

Gerald hastened to inform Goldberg, his banker, who was

astonished at the news. But he advised that it was the best under the circumstances.

"I will be there with all the papers in my charge to give you my blessing, my boy," said he, shaking him cordially by the hand.

Early the next morning Gerald was at the bishop's residence with two or three bosom friends. A few minutes later a carriage drove up with Eunice Crowley and her mother with two lady friends. They alighted and walked into the house, where Gerald and his party met them.

Ten minutes later they were standing before the venerable man of God and were pronounced man and wife.

"My wife!"

"Husband!" and they were clasped in each other's arms.

Congratulations followed.

The banker then stepped forward and placed papers controlling the entire Romaine estate in her hand, including cash in bank.

They then returned to the mansion of the Crowleys, where they found a breakfast prepared for them.

The next morning, in looking over the press dispatches in the paper, Gerald Romaine sprang to his feet as if stung.

"Great heavens!" he gasped, "has it come to that?"

He glared at the paper and read:

"N. Y., Jan'y 18th.—The double murder, which has been clouded in mystery for four or five days, is being traced to the guilty party. The famous Joe Wiley is the suspected person, and he has fled the city. It is now believed that the story of his counterpart, which served to create such an interest in his lectures here last week, was a myth—that it was a shrewd game of his to create an excitement. Detectives are on his track."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "when will that fiend in human shape be dealt with as he deserves! This will kill my wife. I'll tear it out and then return to New York. Eunice, dear," he said, turning to his bride as she entered the room, "I must return to New York at once—my presence is needed there."

"So soon!"

"Yes, that wretch has cast an imputation on my name that I must meet at once."

"Cannot I go with you?"

"It will be best for you to remain here till I return, as in the absence of both of us he might come and get hold of our home."

She pleaded that he would hasten back to her, which he promised to do as soon as he could dispose of Donald Sylvester.

In another hour he was on the eastward bound train on the way back to New York.

The incoming train brought two detectives to arrest him.

They went to his residence, and from there were sent to the Crowley mansion.

Eunice met them and demanded their business.

"We have a warrant for the arrest of one Joseph Wiley," they replied.

Eunice gave a scream and sank to the floor in a death-like swoon.

CHAPTER XIX.

FACING THE MUSIC.

The young lecturer was now fully resolved to set every energy to bear upon the arrest and conviction of Donald Sylvester, and thus put a stop to his impersonation of himself.

"They will swear to my face," he said to himself, as the train whirled him eastward, "and I will prove an alibi, which will fasten the crime on him. If he escapes, as such daring criminals often do, I will try a charge against him for trying to impersonate me and get control of my estate."

In due time the train arrived in New York.

He went straight up to the hotel where he had stopped on his former visit.

The clerk was astounded at sight of him.

"Do you know that they are looking for you, Mr. Wiley?" he asked, when the young lecturer had registered his name.

"Yes, I suppose they are," he replied calmly. "I am ready to see anybody whenever they wish to see me."

"I will say that I don't believe you guilty of any such crime," added the clerk.

"Thanks," and the young lecturer bowed as he received the key of his room.

In a few minutes it became known that Joseph Wiley, the young lecturer, had returned and was in his old quarters at the hotel.

The two detectives who had been detailed to work up the case of double murder, about which there had been so much mystery as well as horror, were out of the city.

They had not returned from the home of Gerald Romaine, whither they had gone to arrest him.

But he well knew that others, ambitious to distinguish themselves, would soon come to arrest him.

He wrote a note to the sheriff and one of the judges of a high court, asking them to call at his rooms at once, as he desired to place himself in their hands.

This he sent by a trusty messenger in a carriage.

They came back in the carriage with the messenger.

He had also sent a carriage for several well-known temperance leaders, three of whom were with him on the night of the murder.

"Judge," he said, after shaking hands with the venerable judicial functionary, "I have sent for you to ask you to do something. You have doubtless heard that I have an evil genius which follows me like a shadow."

"Yes, I have seen such a statement in the papers," said the judge.

"Well, I will have witnesses here in a few minutes who will tell you that they have seen the shadow—that there are two of us who are so near alike that no man, however expert, can tell one from the other. They will also swear that on the night on that double murder I was here in this room until long after the time the murder is alleged to have been committed. At the very minute the supposed murderer ran into the arms of those two policemen I was sitting here conversing with four gentlemen, two of whom are, no doubt, well known to you."

"But why did you leave the city so suddenly the next night?" the sheriff asked.

"Two letters were handed me in the ante-room of the Cooper Union Hall, which necessitated my immediate return to my home."

"Where is your home, Mr. Wiley?" the judge asked.

"Columbus, Ohio," replied the young lecturer. "Wiley is only my professional name. My real name is Gerald Romaine."

"What do you want me to do?" the judge asked.

Joe was about to reply, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Scotty Briggs, with three other men.

Scotty looked keenly at him as Joe rushed forward and grasped his hand.

"The word," said Scotty.

Joe placed his lips against Scotty's ear and whispered the test word he had given him.

Scotty shook his hand with an earnestness that threatened to rattle every bone in his body.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Wiley," he said. "I expected you'd come back to-day or to-night."

The other three prominent temperance men—two of whom were well acquainted with the judge and sheriff—then told the story of the double of the young lecturer, ending by stating that they were present with him in his room the greater part of the night on which the murder was committed.

"But what do you want me to do?" the judge asked the second time.

"Simply this, judge," said the young lecturer: "I desire you to grant me immunity from arrest, I furnishing bail in any amount you may think right to appear before you whenever you see cause to summon me. I will then give bonds to produce the man who looks so much like me—who is, no doubt, the real criminal in this matter. If he is not convicted on that charge, I will have a requisition on hand from the governor of my State on another charge that will insure him a term in State prison."

"It is an unusual proceeding," remarked the judge, gravely; "but on the sworn statement of these witnesses I will accept bail, and that will be your protection from arrest."

One of the witnesses was a lawyer, and he immediately drew up the papers.

The judge and sheriff shook hands with him and retired.

"That was nicely arranged," said Scotty, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Now, Scotty," said Joe, "we have got work to do. We must find that man. Have you seen anything of him since I left?"

"No—nor have I seen any one who has."

"When he finds out that you are out on bail he may make his appearance again," remarked one of his friends whom he had sent for.

"There may be some truth in that. If you wish, you may advertise a series of lectures for me, beginning with to-morrow night."

"And I'll disguise myself and be on the watch for him!" exclaimed Scotty, as the thought occurred to him.

"That's a good idea, and——"

The door suddenly opened, and in walked a policeman, accompanied by a detective.

The party stared at each other.

"That's the man," said the policeman, pointing to the young lecturer. "I would swear to that face among ten thousand."

"You are my prisoner, sir," said the detective, stepping forward and laying a hand on the young lecturer's shoulder.

"For what?" he asked.

"Murder," was the confident reply.

"Ha—ha—ha!" chuckled Joe, good-naturedly. "I've already been before Judge —— and given heavy bail in that case."

The detective looked dubious.

"I don't believe you," he remarked.

"That matters very little to me, sir," said Joe, seriously. "Here are four gentlemen who witnessed the fact, and the proprietor of this house went on my bail bond."

"It is just as he states it," remarked Scotty.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen," said the still doubting detective, "if I decline to be duped by any such yarn as that. You are my prisoner, sir."

"I am not, sir," replied Joe, "and I advise you to go about your business."

"So I will. It's my duty to catch and jug such birds as you are. Come along, sir."

Scotty could stand no more.

He sprang forward, and, placing his clenched fist against the detective's nose, hissed:

"Smell of that!"

"I smell it," said the detective, coolly, "and would advise you to wash it."

Whack!

Down went the detective, his proboscis mashed as flat as a pancake, and the claret spattered all over his shirt front.

The policeman raised his club to strike him, but one of the temperance men held him.

"Let me go!" cried the policeman, struggling hard against the man that held him. "I'll arrest him dead if he won't go alive!"

"Release him," requested Joe, quietly, as he went to his trunk and took therefrom a loaded revolver.

The man released him.

"You are a dead man if you touch me!" and Joe Wiley cocked the revolver as he faced the policeman.

CHAPTER XX.

THE YOUNG BRIDE AND THE IMPOSTOR.

So complete was the disguise of Donald Sylvester, the villainous second-self of the young lecturer, that even his most intimate friends failed to penetrate it.

He wandered about among the places where the double murder was most freely discussed, and heard the comments and theories of every character concerning it.

He lingered about the city for two or three days longer and then left, going westward only six hours behind the two detectives who had gone in pursuit of the young lecturer.

On reaching Columbus he alighted from the train and started towards a carriage, when a man accosted him with:

"Hallo, Gerald, back again?"

"Yes," he replied; "business called me back rather suddenly."

"Why, you didn't have time to get half way to New York," was the comment of the men, who was one of Gerald Romaine's early friends.

"The deuce I didn't!" exclaimed Donald. "I've been in New York nearly ten days."

The man seemed greatly surprised.

"I shook hands with you this morning," he replied, "as you took the eastbound train for New York."

"By all the gods!" exclaimed Donald, "that impostor must have been here, then, for I was——"

"It was certainly one or the other of you, for you were here three days."

Donald Sylvester turned slightly pale.

He glanced at the man a moment and wished he really knew who and what he was, so that he could judge how to approach him.

"What in the world was he up to?" he asked himself, yet purposely speaking loud enough to be heard by the man. "Do you know anything about his visit here?"

"No," replied the man, "only that he was very busy while here, having several interviews with his banker."

Donald Sylvester started as if stung.

"Then a terrible wrong has been done you. I will go with you to Mr. Goldberg and see what he says about it."

The two men entered a carriage and were driven rapidly away.

"Have you seen the morning papers?"

"No."

"It is charged in New York that you are guilty of having committed a double murder."

"Oh, I heard of that. It's that impostor's work. They'll catch him after a while. He can't play that game always."

The carriage stopped in front of Goldberg's bank, and Donald Sylvester alighted and walked in.

The cashier and teller recognized and greeted him cordially.

"Where is Mr. Goldberg?" he asked.

"He went out an hour since, and will not return till to-morrow morning," replied the cashier. "What can we do for you?"

"I desire to see him about purchasing some bonds for me."

"Leave your order and it shall be attended to, Mr. Romaine."

The carriage was driven to the Romaine mansion.

He went in without ringing the bell.

The old housekeeper, who was still in possession of it, stared at him in undisguised amazement.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Are you Gerald Romaine?"

"Yes, of course."

"Give me the word."

He gave her the one he had left with her when he went away.

"That's the old one," she said; "now tell me the other one."

"Go on about your business. I never gave you but one!"

"You are an impostor, sir!" cried the old housekeeper, darting out of the room to send one of the servants for a policeman.

Just then Eunice, the young bride of Gerald Romaine, entered the house accompanied by her mother.

"Why, Gerald!" she exclaimed, running towards him. "You here?"

"Yes, darling," he replied, taking her in his arms and kissing her. "I forgot some very important paper which I had to return to get."

"Miss Eunice!" cried the old housekeeper, rushing into the room in a state of almost frantic excitement, "that isn't your husband!"

With a wild scream Eunice sprang from his arms and faced him.

"Are you Gerald Romaine?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," he replied, in a calm, resolute tone, folding his arms and looking her steadily in the face.

"Give me the test!"

"Faithful!" he whispered in her ear.

"The other—the new one!" she almost shrieked.

"I gave you but one!"

"The other had the old one and gave me another. Oh, heavens, I am lost!"

Donald Sylvester looked unfeelingly at her, with a scornful glitter in his eyes.

"Eunice," said her mother, "this man is an impostor. You have known Gerald Romaine all your life. He was always kind, tender and loving to you. This man loves you not. Look! Is there any love in that face?"

Eunice turned her pallid face toward the impostor, and gave him an eager, agonizing look.

"You will please leave my house, sir!"

"Your house?"

"Yes, my house!" she repeated. "My husband, Gerald Romaine, when he married me, placed all his property in my hands—in my name—through his lawyer, so that the property is absolutely mine, even as against himself!"

Donald Sylvester staggered back as if struck a blow between the eyes.

"I am robbed—robbed of everything!" he groaned, and then, as if a slumbering lion was aroused within him, cried out: "But I'll wreak a terrible vengeance on him. He shall not enjoy it; it shall be a curse to him!"

"No—no—you cannot—will not—harm my husband!"

"Woman! by the gods, if you don't surrender those papers I'll strangle——"

Eunice screamed and turned to fly, when a door was burst open, and the two New York detectives sprang into the room, with drawn pistols in their hands.

CHAPTER XXI.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

Eunice darted towards them, crying:

"Save me—save me!"

"Another step and you are a dead man, Joe Wiley!" cried the foremost of the two detectives, aiming a cocked revolver at his breast.

He recoiled.

A pallid tremor passed over his face.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

"Two detectives from New York!"

"What do you want here?"

"We want you."

"For what?"

"The murder of Warlick and Humphrey," was the reply.

"Who dares to accuse me of such a crime?"

"I do. You were seen running away from your victims that night, Joe Wiley!" replied the detective, as he still held his revolver on a level with his breast.

"Put the darbies on him, Al," said the spokesman of the detectives.

The man drew from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, and advanced towards Donald Sylvester.

"Hold out your hands, sir," ordered the leader.

Donald stood like a statue with his arms folded across his breast, gazing at the two men with a gleam of desperation in his eyes.

"It's no use," chuckled the detective; "hold out your hands or we'll make you!"

He held out both hands towards him.

The irons had barely touched his hands ere he seized the detective by the shoulders and hurled him against the other with such force as to send them both rolling together on the floor.

The three women screamed.

The revolver was discharged, the bullet passing upward into the ceiling.

Donald Sylvester wheeled around as suddenly as he had made the attack, and darted through an open door that led into an adjoining room.

He closed and locked the door.

In the scramble to get on their feet again, neither of the detectives saw which way he had gone.

One of them sprang to the door through which he had disappeared and found it locked.

Then they both threw their united weight against the door.

The lock yielded.

And they fell sprawling on the floor of the next room.

Springing to their feet they found themselves in a room with only one other door than the one they had just entered.

That door was locked.

To burst it open was but the work of a moment.

But the bird had flown.

"By all the furies!" cried the leader, in desperation, "he must not escape us! Push out and around the house, Al, and if he attempts to run, shoot him down!"

Detective No. 2 rushed out of the house, and ran two or three times around it.

He only met two policemen, who had come in response to the message sent by the housekeeper.

The two officers promptly arrested him, seeing nobody else around to lay hands on.

"Let me go!" he cried, "or the man will escape—hands off, I say."

"Not so fast, my man," said one of the officers. "Let's see who you are."

"I'm a New York detective, and came to—"

"You are, eh? Well, we'll just take you in and see about it."

He resisted.

With characteristic good nature they laid hands and clubs on him.

He yelled for assistance, and his partner ran out of the house to see what the matter was, thinking his comrade was engaged in a desperate struggle with the murderer.

"Here—hold on!" he cried, rushing up with his revolver still in his hand.

Whack! went a club on his head, and he staggered backwards as a million stars flashed and danced before his eyes.

Just as he was recovering his wits, he received another terrible whack, which aroused all the combativeness of his nature.

He raised his revolver and fired.

The policeman threw up his hands and staggered forward.

"I'm shot," he groaned, as he sank down to the ground.

"What did you club me for?" the detective asked.

"For interfering with—an—officer."

"But I didn't! See here!" and he showed his badge and authority as a special detective. "We had traced a murderer

to this very house—had our eyes on him—were about to clap on the darbies—when he bolted. My partner rushed out of the house to intercept his retreat from the house, whilst I worked the inside. You came up, attacked him, and let the murderer escape. Dunderheads like you two ought to be killed on principle."

"I—I—didn't know!" groaned the man.

"No, I suppose not. I am sorry to hurt you, though. You were very lively with your club. Are you much hurt?"

"Yes—I'm dying."

"I arrest you for murder!" exclaimed the other policeman, laying hands on the leader of the detectives.

"Arrest your grandmother! If you don't mizzle in just two seconds I'll blow out what little brains you have in that wooden head of yours!"

The policeman took to his heels and the two detectives went in search of the sheriff to surrender themselves.

They promptly gave themselves up, even before the sheriff had heard of the killing.

"I shot him in self-defense," said the New Yorker, and then he told the whole story as it is known to the reader.

Of course they were locked up, for the policeman died that night from his wound.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DISPATCH.

On leaving the room so suddenly, after hurling the astonished detective from him, Donald Sylvester had the presence of mind to turn the key in the lock.

Hastening through another door he bolted that, and then quietly drew a heavy false beard from the crown of his hat, and adjusted it to his face.

"They will not know me now," he muttered, and leisurely walked out of the house, going towards the front gate.

In a short time the villain was almost at the depot. Ten minutes later an eastward bound train came thundering along. Having the eight thousand dollars which he had taken from Bob Warlick still secure about his person, he boarded the train bound for New York.

The news of the death of the policeman created the greatest excitement in the quiet city of Columbus.

The two New York policemen were locked up as two common criminals.

The indignation against them was very great.

It will be remembered that we left Joe Wiley in his hotel in New York, facing a policeman and defying him to arrest him.

The defiant attitude of the young lecturer awed the policeman into civility.

"I'll give you just two minutes to leave this room," said Joe Wiley, as the officer stood at bay; "there's the door—go!"

The cowed knight of the club deliberately walked out of the room without saying a word.

"Now, you follow suit or trump!" said Scotty Briggs to the detective with the mashed nose.

"I'll call again," replied he, following the policeman out of the room.

"Do so," called out Wiley, "and I'll assure you a warm reception."

They all laughed and then went down together to dine with the young lecturer, at his invitation.

The detective went direct to the sheriff's office, to inquire about the bail of Joe Wiley.

He was enlightened on the subject.

But he was indignant about his nose, and wanted to arrest Scotty Briggs for assault.

"You might get the worst of that," replied the sheriff. "Better let it drop."

And he did.

Early the next morning Joe Wiley took up the morning paper to read the news.

The first thing that met his eyes was a dispatch from his home.

"Two New York detectives," ran the dispatch, "came to this city yesterday in search of Gerald Romaine—better known to the public as Joe Wiley, the young temperance lecturer, who is accused of having committed a double murder in New York city last week. They found him at his residence and drew their pistols on him. By a desperate effort he escaped them by darting through several rooms and locking the doors behind him. One of the detectives ran out of the house and around it two or three times, to intercept him, should he leave the house. Two policemen, seeing the detective's antics, ran up and attempted to arrest him. He resisted, and a fight ensued,

during which the other detective in the house ran out to the assistance of his comrade. He was severely clubbed, whereupon he drew a pistol and shot his assailant. The wounded officer fell to the ground, when mutual explanations followed. The wounded man was carried to his residence, where he died at ten o'clock last night. The two detectives immediately surrendered themselves to the sheriff, and were locked up to await the action of the coroner's jury."

A dozen friends came pouring into his room, each with a paper containing the dispatch in his hand.

"Have you seen it?" they chorused.

"Yes," he replied, his pace pallid and rigid as marble.

"That's good news, Wiley," said one of the friends, "as it puts the whole thing on your double."

"It would be an easy matter to do that if we can once catch him," he answered. "But he got away. Fate seems against me."

"Why should you think so?"

The lecturer had not told the story of his marriage.

"I will give \$5,000 for his capture and safe lodgment in jail.

Scotty Briggs entered at the moment and heard the remark.

"I'll copper that card," he said, "and if I don't fetch him down, mark me N. G."

"It will cause immense audiences to crowd the hall," remarked a member of the committee which had called upon him.

The meeting that night was the largest ever held in the city. The people came in throngs to hear the eloquent young lecturer whose double had cast a cloud of suspicion over his young life. He spoke as he had never spoken before, for his heart was light.

Scotty Briggs was there and made an immense hit with his quaint, straightforward style of speech.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DOUBLE IN A NEW ROLE.

On the very night of the young lecturer's first speech after his return from his Western home, Donald Sylvester entered the city completely disguised.

He had plenty of money, and yet he chose one of the most obscure hotels on the west side as his stopping place.

To make friends with everybody in the house was his first effort, and as they all drank he found but little difficulty in doing so.

The next day he went about the city and talked about the double murder, feeling perfectly free to do so, as no one was on the lookout for one who had surrendered to the sheriff and given bail.

He went to the hotel, where he saw the young lecturer surrounded by a number of prominent temperance men.

"There you are, Gerald Romaine," he hissed through his clenched teeth, as he flashed glances of hatred at him, "but you will not be there long. I hate you as only Donald Sylvester can hate. If I cannot enjoy that property which you, by some means unknown to me, have gotten control of in spite of all my precautions, I will see that you shall not. You shall give me that last test word, Gerald Romaine, or you shall die the death of a dog at the hands of your double."

With a bitter curse on his lips he turned away, and walked across towards the east side of the city.

Among the great tenements that tower high up in the thickly settled district between the Bowery and the East River, stands one on a certain street not many blocks from the great thoroughfare.

It looked dingy and forbidding, both inside and out, and no hive was ever more full of bees than was that immense tenement at the time of which we write.

The day that Donald Sylvester strolled through that street a poor family were dispossessed and put out of three rooms which they had occupied on the top floor.

They were out on the sidewalk with their scant household goods, bemoaning their hard fate.

Donald Sylvester was quite a linguist.

He asked them in German what the trouble was.

"We couldn't pay the rent," sobbed the mother, pressing her babe to her bosom.

"What is the rent?"

"Eight dollars a month."

"Well, here's ten dollars—get you a place somewhere else," said he, handing her the bill.

She grasped it with starling eagerness, muttering her thanks in fearful gibberish.

"You'd better pay what you owe with that money," suggested the heartless landlord, eyeing the money with avaricious glances.

"Put that down to profit and loss, landlord," remarked Sylvester. "I'll look at the rooms she has just left. If they suit me I will take them."

"Well, come up and I will show them to you."

Donald Sylvester followed the landlord up seven flights of stairs, into the three rooms which had just been vacated.

They were exceedingly filthy.

"Have the floors cleaned and the walls whitewashed," he said, after inspecting them, "and I'll take them."

"If you will pay in advance for three months I will do so," replied the landlord, who had been in the business long enough to have an eye for the main chance.

Donald made no reply, but drew forth his purse and paid him for three months' rent of the rooms.

From there he went to a second-hand furniture dealer, where he bought and paid for chairs, bed and bedding, table and such few articles as would suit his purpose, and ordered them around to the rooms the next day.

They were sent according to instructions the next morning, and he found them there when he returned to get the keys from the landlord.

Left alone, he proceeded to make a thorough inspection of the rooms.

"This will do," he muttered, as he glanced down the great ash-shute which extended from top to bottom of the immense seven-story building. "It will answer my purpose. I could not have been better suited."

He closed and locked the door, taking the key with him, and went down the seven flights of stairs.

That night he frequented several of the lowest barrooms to be found in New York.

He treated the desperate character he found there, displaying, however, but little money in paying for the drinks.

At last he stumbled into a Baxter street den, where a grayish-blue cloud of smoke rendered the vision obscure and profanity consistent.

At one of the tables he found a man whose eyes betrayed the terrible villain he was in search of.

To make his acquaintance he walked up to the bar with a swagger that betrayed his familiarity with such scenes, and sung out:

"Come up, fellows, and poison yourselves."

There was a rush.

"They all belong to one family here, mister," and the villain winked knowingly at him as he filled his glass with the rot-gut whisky.

"So it seems. The bar does a good business, eh?"

"Yes, when 'fellows' is asked to drink."

Donald Sylvester smiled.

"I would like to know some of the fellows. They must be a jolly set."

"Look here, mister," said the villain, eyeing him coldly, "what's your lay? I'm out of business, and——"

"Come, let's sit down," interrupted Sylvester, leading the way towards a table in the corner of the room, "and have a talk over the lay I am on."

"Jack Bunkle is your man," answered the man, as he followed him to a seat, after the motley crowd had drank the poisonous stuff he had treated them to.

"Is that your name—Jack Bunkle?"

"That's my handle, mister."

CHAPTER XXIV.

VILLAINOUS COMPACT.

"Are the police looking for you, Jack?" Donald asked, as he proceeded to look around the room as if to see who was listening.

Jack turned and gave him a searching look.

"What yer driving at?" he asked, bluntly.

"I want to know if you are wanted."

"What for?"

"Because I've got a job for you."

"Well, I guess as how they've been wanting me for some time, but they haven't got me yet."

"Can you come to my room to-night, where we can talk over particulars without interruption?"

"What kind of a job are you putting up on me, mister?" and Jack eyed him suspiciously.

"Nothing, Jack; I am dealing on the square with you."

"Well, if you aren't, you'd better make your will, Mr. What's-Yer-Name!"

"My name is Gerald Romaine," said Donald, "and my room is in the big tenement house, No. 64 ——— street, top floor, last room on the right in the rear."

"When shall I come?"

"Ten o'clock."

"I'll be there, and may heaven have mercy on your soul if you play me foul, Mr. What's-Yer-Name?"

"Gerald Romaine," said Donald, quietly.

Donald Sylvester left the Baxter street den and strolled off towards the Bowery. Reaching that great thoroughfare, he wandered up towards the Cooper Institute, where the great hall was packed with an immense audience, listening to the eloquent young temperance lecturer, Joe Wiley.

A sudden impulse led him to enter, or at least to try to enter.

He could only get just inside the door, so great was the crowd.

But he could hear the silver-tongued orator from where he stood.

The great hall shook with thunderous applause at the terrible picture the young lecturer drew.

Donald Sylvester, with the words of a man he hated above all ringing in his ears, turned away and would not listen again.

He he could not stop his thinking.

He returned to the great tenement building and climbed the seven flights of stairs to his room.

Lighting a lamp, he proceeded to place glasses and a bottle on a little table, and then quietly waited for the appearance of Jack Bunkle.

He had not long to wait, for the time appointed was at hand.

Just as the hands of his watch pointed to the hour of ten, the steps of the villain were heard along the hall outside the door.

Without waiting for him to knock, Donald opened the door and said:

"Take a seat, Jack."

"Are we alone?"

"Yes."

Jack drew a long, bright blade from his bosom with his right hand, took up the lamp with the other, and went into the other two smaller rooms.

Finding no one there, he returned, set down the lamp and restored the knife to its sheath.

"It would be unhealthy to play me false, Mister Morerain."

"Romaine," said Donald Sylvester, smiling, as he corrected him.

"Romaine—Romaine—Morerain—Romaine—I guess I've got the hang of it now," said Jack, as he settled down in a chair by the little table. "What's this?" taking up the bottle and holding it between his face and the light.

"That's good old Bourbon."

Jack drew the cork and carefully filled a glass, which he emptied at a single gulp.

"That's good," he muttered, as he smacked his lips. "Now tell us your lay."

"Are you afraid of blood, Jack Bunkle?"

"Blood! Afraid!" repeated Jack. "You don't know Jack Bunkle, mister."

"I wanted to see whether or not you are the man I want," replied Donald, with a smile. "I see that you are. I want a man put out of the way."

"Is that all?" and Jack seemed to be disappointed.

"Isn't that enough?"

"Oh, that's light work."

"Good pay, though."

Jack reached across the little table and shook the hand of his companion.

"That's me."

"I want the man brought in here," said Donald Sylvester, "where I can force him to give me the word that will unlock a fortune. He will do it to save his life, and when he has complied, cut his throat and drop him down in that ash-chute there."

Jack Bunkle carefully examined the ash-chute.

It was an unusually large one.

"That'll do," he muttered, and then, turning, asked:

"How often do they remove the ashes?"

"Once a week."

"Good. We'll have several days' start. Now, who is the man?"

"You've heard of the man that is creating such an excitement in the city lecturing on temperance?"

"Wiley—that's the name, is it?"

"Yes, Joe Wiley."

Jack scratched his head and looked down at the floor.

"One of my pals went to hear him, got religion, quit drinking and went back on me," he said, shaking his head.

"Then you must get even with him," suggested Donald Sylvester.

"When do you want him to come here?"

"Any time that you can fetch him."

"You say here, then, to-morrow night, and I'll fetch him dead or alive."

"The deuce! I want him alive, or not at all."

"Good! I'll fetch him!"

Rap—rap—rap! on the door startled them.

Jack gasped the money, thrust it into his pocket, drew his knife again and stood at bay, glaring at the door like a caged tiger.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TWO VILLAINS.

The two villains stood like statues, their gaze riveted on the door.

Rap, rap, rap!

Donald Sylvester approached the door and asked:

"Who's there?" in German.

A voice replied, in the same language:

"Open the door, or I'll kick it in!"

"Who are you?"

A heavy blow from the outside almost shivered the door.

"It's somebody drunk," said Sylvester to Jack. "Go into the next room there, and I'll see who it is."

Jack concealed himself in the little dark room, and Donald Sylvester proceeded to open the door.

A drunken German—the worthless head of the family which had been put out of the rooms the day before by the landlord—staggered into the room.

The two men glared at each other in surprise.

"What do you want here?" Donald asked in German.

"What are you doing in here?" the intruder asked.

"These are my rooms—get out!"

"No, no!" said the German; "they are mine—where is my Frau?"

"Your family was put out of the house yesterday for non-payment of rent. You had better leave."

"Mine Frau, by heaven!" cried the irascible German, in broken English, rushing around the table towards the little room in which Jack Bunkle was concealed.

As Donald expected, Jack dealt the drunken wretch a blow that stretched him out at full length upon the floor.

"Now put him out," said Donald, as he saw him roll over on his back.

"Where?"

"Outside the door."

"No—he'll raise a racket when he comes to. Better knock some sense into him first."

The German picked himself up and glared at the two men as though they were ghosts.

"Let's lead him down to the street, Jack," whispered Sylvester, "and then turn him loose."

Jack agreed, and taking him by the arms, they led him out. Sylvester closed and locked the door, and then aided him in taking the poor fellow down the seven flights of stairs to the street.

"Now, you'd better go to the police station and find out where your family is," remarked Sylvester to the old German, "and then sober up. If you had kept sober your family would not have been put out."

"That's gospel," said Jack, "and if I had never drank liquor I'd never have been the devil that I am."

Donald Sylvester was astonished at such language from such a man.

The two precious villains then shook hands and parted.

On the night he uttered those memorable words which made such a deep impression on the mind of Donald Sylvester, the young lecturer asked Scotty Briggs, who had now become his right-hand man in working the drinking classes at his great temperance meetings, to walk up to his hotel with him.

Scotty almost idolized the young lecturer and felt proud in the confidence he reposed in him.

"I am uneasy about my double, Scotty," he said, as they walked arm in arm along the street. "We've heard nothing of him since that dispatch in the papers."

"He's very quiet, that's a fact," said Scotty, "but I am on the lookout every day for him, going among the worst places in the city. I'll catch him yet if he ever shows his hand in impersonating you."

"He is concocting some kind of mischief, you may be sure of, for he has more now to hate me for than ever before. Do you know what I went away so suddenly for last week, Scotty?"

"That was your own affair, not mine," replied Scotty, "but I was satisfied that something urgent had called you away."

By this time they had reached the hotel, and Scotty left him to return to his own happy home.

The next day Joe Wiley was surprised to see a man with a heavy black beard and a face that showed unmistakable traces of dissipation, walk into his room at the hotel.

"I want to sign that pledge," said the man abruptly, hat in hand.

With a warm sympathy for him, the young lecturer sprang up and took his hand in his.

"I am so glad to hear you say that," he said, "for though strangers, we have a feeling of universal brotherhood in this cause. Here is the pledge—read it and see if you can keep it."

The man slowly read the pledge, and then took up a pen to sign it.

"Take this seat," said Wiley, offering him a chair, "and you can write better."

He sat down and wrote his name at the bottom of the pledge, which was printed on a card.

Wiley took up the card and looked at the name.

It was very badly written, but he managed to make out the name of "Owen Gilman."

"Can you make it out, sir?" the man asked.

"Yes—Owen Gilman, is it not?"

"Yes, and if you ever hear of any man by that name taking a drink of liquor again, you can just swear it's another man."

"Did you ever drink much, Mr. Gilman?"

"Much! I've been on a drunk for a whole year at a time."

"It didn't pay, did it?"

"Pay! Did you ever drink, Mr. Wiley?"

"No—not to intoxication."

"Then you don't know anything about it, though I never heard a man who can talk as you do. Why, I thought you had been through the mill."

"No, I was never what the world would call a drinking man. But do you know that your resolution never to drink again fills my heart with joy."

Gilman looked at him in surprise.

"I feel that I have done some good when a man like you comes to me in his cooler moments and signs the pledge. Can't you come to the meeting to-night and help us—just tell the people that you have been a hard drinker, but that you will never drink any more. It will do great good."

Gilman shook his head.

"I can't do it," he said slowly, "at least, not to-night. You see, I've a brother who is just getting over the jim-jams, and if I leave him he'll take to drinking again, and that would be the end of him. I've got to stay with him. I've signed as much on his account as my own. I can't get him to go to the meetings, but if you could see him and talk with him without his knowing you to be a temperance man—he hates temperance men—you'd do him a power of good."

"Do you really think so?"

"Indeed I do, sir."

"Then for your sake as well as his I will go with you and see what I can do."

Gilman grasped his hand and shook it warmly.

"You don't know how glad I am," he said.

"When shall I go?"

"To-night, after the meeting. I will show you the way. But you will want to wear old clothes, so as to look like a man who isn't too proud to go among poor folks."

The young lecturer smiled and remarked:

"Very well; I'll meet you on the corner below with a friend."

Gilman and Jack Bunkle were one and the same person.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE—CONCLUSION.

After the adjournment of the great meeting at the Cooper Union, the young lecturer and Scotty Briggs walked arm in arm together to the hotel.

"I am going to see a man to-night who has been suffering with the delirium tremens. His brother is to meet me after I have changed my clothes."

"But take your revolver along," suggested Scotty.

"Do you really think there is anything wrong about it?" the young lecturer asked, in some surprise.

"I don't know—it may be all right, but it looks suspicious."

Joe remained a moment in deep thought.

"No," he finally said, shaking his head. "I won't believe that man is a fraud. He seemed too honest and sincere. I'll risk it, anyhow."

"I'll keep my eye on 'em," and Scotty left him, to walk down to the corner to get a look at the man who was to lead Wiley to see the inebriate.

He found the man, passing and repassing him several times without exciting his suspicions.

"Hard-looking case," he muttered, as he went back to the hotel, "though he may be all right."

He met the young lecturer at the door of the hotel and whispered:

"Better be on the lookout. I'll not go with you, but follow behind and watch."

Dick came up and shook hands with the young lecturer and Scotty.

He had signed the pledge the week before, and was now a firm friend and follower of the young lecturer.

"See here; Joe Wiley is going out to see a man with the jim-jams, and I'm suspicious about it. We'll keep our eyes on him."

"Good—I'm on that racket."

Joe Wiley walked down to the corner where the man was waiting for him.

They shook hands, and then turned and walked towards the great East Side.

Scotty and Dick followed at a safe distance, until they got into the heart of the great tenement district.

Suddenly Scotty saw them turn and enter an enormous tenement building and go up to a room on the upper floor.

They instantly took off their shoes, blew out the dim light that illumined the dingy hall, and then crept to the door to listen.

On entering the room, Joe Wiley glanced around to note the surroundings.

He found a man sitting before a stove, reading a paper, who rose up and offered him a chair as he approached.

The man with the paper in his hands took a chair on the other side of the stove, and deliberately took off his beard and wig, standing forth the very counterpart of the young lecturer, to the infinite astonishment of the other—Jack Bunkle.

"Ah! is it you, Donald Sylvester?" exclaimed the young lecturer.

"Yes—Gerald Romaine—it's I, and we have met again."

Gerald Romaine suddenly sprang to his feet and drew a revolver.

"I will sell out at a very high price," he exclaimed, "and maybe you will not be the winner after all!"

"Once more, Gerald Romaine, will you give that word?"

"No; death first!"

"Jack, to your work!"

Crash!

The door flew open before the combined strength of Dick Wild and Scotty Briggs, who bounded into the room with each a revolver in hand.

With an oath on his lips, Jack Bunkle sprang towards the door to make his escape.

Dick Wild raised his revolver and fired.

The villain of many crimes fell dead with a bullet in his brain.

"I may as well die now as at any other time!" hissed Sylvester, aiming at the young lecturer.

Scotty sprang forward and knocked up the weapon.

The ball passed into the ceiling.

The next moment Sylvester was seized by all three, disarmed and securely bound.

The two pistol shots had caused a panic in the house, and two or three hundred men, women and children went pouring out into the street, creating the most intense excitement.

Several policemen ran up the stairs and met them coming down with the prisoner.

They turned over the prisoner to them, but were all taken to the station house together.

Donald Sylvester was tried for his life on the charge of the double murder, and convicted.

Thus freed from the annoyance of his double, the young lecturer finished his lecture engagement and went back home to his bride. Health, wealth and happiness are his, but he never forgets the dark days when, as Joe Wiley, the young temperance lecturer, he was forced to earn his bread by the magic spell of his eloquence.

Scotty Briggs is now one of the heavy guns in the temperance cause, with a happy family around him, and blesses the day that he met the eloquent young temperance advocate. Dick Wild is now no longer the wild young man that he was, but a quiet, sober citizen, and a well-to-do temperance man.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG GRIZZLY ADAMS, THE WILD BEAST TAMER." A True Story of Circus Life. By Hal Standish.

CURRENT NEWS

For the first time in the history of Vassar College the ban was lifted on male visitors on a Sunday. The junior prom was held at the college, and the reception was attended by more than two hundred men from out of town. Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, the new president of the college, presided.

In a copy of the Cologne Gazette which has been received at Amsterdam is an article dealing with Great Britain's plan to cut off food supplies from Germany. It says: "Prisoners of war must starve first. We have 600,000 prisoners, and the parts of Belgium and France we occupy contain 11,000,000 people. If it comes to starving, the subjects of hostile countries will suffer first."

Privates Charles H. Hill, of the Tenth Infantry, U.S.A., on lock guard duty at Miraflores, was tried by a courtmartial on the charge of having made sketches of the locks, taken notes and drawn maps. He had a letter addressed to the Japanese charge at Panama, but Japan is not represented on the isthmus. Hill says he was using this means to get out of the service. Two foreign tourists are under close observation.

Edward Monroe, the oldest of veterans who fought in the American civil war, died at Highgate Infirmary, England, aged 106 years. He was born in Nova Scotia and joined the American navy. He was present at the celebrated engagement in Hampton Roads in 1862, when the Merrimac rammed the Cumberland and Congress and was herself attacked the next day by the Monitor, which arrived during the night from New York. Monroe was a sailor aboard the Cumberland at the time.

The London Times says it learns from a trustworthy source that relatives of German soldiers killed in Belgium are now allowed by the authorities there to enter the country to search for their dead with the help of agents, and to take coffins with them for the avowed purpose of taking the bodies back to Germany for reburial. In many cases, however, coffins are brought back full of plunder. On Jan. 30 one of these coffins fell off a truck. The lid came off and silver teapots and trays fell out.

To relieve the monotony soldiers in the trenches on both sides are busily inventing amateur engines of war. The most successful of these is the "sardine cannon," the invention of a Siberian peasant soldier. It consists of an empty shell case mounted in mud and filled with gunpowder. The projectile is a round sardine tin charged with dynamite. The gun carries only a hundred yards, but the sardine tin bursts like shrapnel, and in the darkness it stampedes the occupants of the trenches opposite, who scurry off under the impression that the enemy's artillery has got their range.

Cecil Peoli, a well-known aviator, wrote a letter to President T. R. Macmechen, of the Aeronautical Society, notifying him that he had constructed at Washington, D. C., an armor-plated aeroplane in which he expected to make trial flights shortly. The aeroplane has been completed, Peoli wrote, except for a 140-horsepower engine which has been ordered at a Dayton (Ohio) factory. Peoli has organized a company to build his type of aeroplane, if it proves to be a success. The directors, he says, include Joseph P. Day, Hugh L. Cooper, Nicholas F. Brady and Harold Roberts. Peoli said that he proposed to enter his machine in the proposed race from New York to San Francisco during the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and that he hoped very shortly to make an exhibition flight from New York to St. Louis, "between sunrise and sunset."

Stanislaus has a blue-gray eye. An artist in optometry made that eye. It looks natural to all except the eyes of love. That's the trouble. So many women love Stanislaus. Stanislaus makes \$5 a day at the Ford plant, Detroit. Recently he and his wife were divorced and to maintain his \$5-a-day standing he determined to remarry. He picked out a divorcee, a woman in the prime of life, for his bride-to-be. But when they went to the altar his fair devotee looked long and earnestly into his eyes. "Why, one of them is glass," she shrieked and fled. Stanislaus never saw her any more. He made another venture, and this time picked out a girl eighteen years old. He decided not to give her a chance to see the glass eye before marriage, so he took her to a priest's house at night. The priest, learning he had been divorced, refused to marry the couple. Desperate, Stanislaus got another license and took his bride to Justice Richter, who tied the knot. Stanislaus winked his sound eye, happy at not being found out.

The will of Mrs. Henry Draper, widow of the noted astronomer and formerly professor of astronomy at Harvard College, which has recently been filed, has greatly benefited a number of public institutions. To Harvard University is given \$150,000, to be called the Henry Draper Memorial Fund, the income of which is to be used in connection with the photographic work of the Draper Memorial. The university also gets all of the scientific apparatus that belonged to Professor or Mrs. Draper, and all of their photographic plates relating to astronomical subjects. The New York Public Library receives a bequest of \$400,000, with a residuary bequest of \$200,000 additional, and many articles of artistic, historical and scientific value are divided between the library, the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum. Bequests of \$25,000 each are given to the Smithsonian Institution, the National Academy of Sciences, the Surgical Research Hospital of the New York University and a number of other institutions.

Jumping Jack, the Boy Acrobat

—OR—

LEAPING INTO LUCK

By William Wade

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER III (continued)

"I couldn't help it," protested Jerry. "You see, I went to the house to get your clothes, an' found dad had come home drunk. He gave me a lickin' an' locked me in my room. He's just gone to sleep, an' mother let me out, an' here's your clothes."

The explanation was satisfactory to Jack. He got into the clothes with all possible haste.

"I am awfully sorry, Jack," whispered Jerry. "I am gittin' sick of living' at home. Ma says she wouldn't blame me if I did run away. Won't you let me go seekin' a business with you."

"No," replied Jack, emphatically. "Your father don't do right by you, but if you went away with me, he would send the officers after us, and that would make it bad for me. I am very sorry for you, Jerry, but I can't help it, as I can see."

"Are ye goin' to start out now?"

"Yes."

Jack did not deem it best to tell Jerry what had happened in the barn. His purpose was to report the affair at once to the police.

To a youth of less sterling notions of honesty, the temptation would have been powerful.

The money hidden in the hay could easily have been taken away by the young athlete, and thus he would have secured a start in life.

But Jack Wallace was not that sort of a lad. His sense of right and wrong was very keen and nothing could induce him to do a dishonest act.

"You go back to bed, Jerry," he said. "When you get old enough, perhaps I can help you along. But you must not run away from home. Wait until you get older."

Jerry was blubbering and Jack felt, indeed, sorry for him. But he would not encourage him in taking what he believed was a wrong step.

So Jerry went back to the house, and Jack crept out to the street. The horse which the burglars had so cruelly driven lay dead in the roadway.

The boy athlete went to the next corner and listened. The pursuing officers had gone in some other direction.

For a moment Jack was quite undecided what to do.

He knew that the officers, on another track, might not return that way. There seemed but one method, and that was to return to Brownville and report the matter to the town constable.

But just then the sound of wheels fell upon his ears. Up the street came a horse and wagon. Two men sat in the front seat.

They wore caps and badges, and Jack at once believed that they were the detectives who were pursuing the Lynns. At once he sprang into the road and held up his hand.

But the officers in the wagon did not seem disposed to stop, and lashed the horse, yelling:

"Get out of the way."

An ordinary lad would have stepped to one side, but Jack was determined to impart the story to the detectives. So, as the wagon passed, he took a short run and a flying leap.

Up, up he went over the wheels and landed in the middle of the wagon. The two officers, astonished at the feat, pulled up the horse.

"Gee! What a jump!" one of them cried. "Who are ye, and what do ye want?"

"I am Jack Wallace," cried the boy athlete, excitedly. "I can tell you where the burglars have hid the money!"

The two men turned and stared at Jack in the gloom.

"Eh! What's that?" one of them cried. "You know where the money is hid?"

"Yes; in Sam Gray's barn in the haymow. I was asleep there, and heard them come in."

One of the officers whistled in apparent amazement. They looked at each other in the gloom.

"I say," said one, "are you the fellow they call Jumpin' Jack?"

"They do call me that."

"And you were in Sam Gray's hay mow and saw the burglars hide the swag there, eh?"

"Yes. As soon as I could, I came out to search for you. They have made their escape on foot. They drove their horse to death, and it is lying in the road back of the barn."

"Well, that's news to us. Does anybody beside you know of it?"

"No."

"That settles it!" cried one of the officers. "We had better go down there and get the stuff. Then we will try and catch the thieves later, eh, Bill?"

"Yes, yes! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the two officers laughed immoderately, though for what reason Jack was puzzled to know. In a few moments they were at the barn.

"Now, Mr. Jumpin' Jack," said one of the officers, "jest open that door and show us where the stuff is. Keep quiet, fer we don't want to arouse the neighborhood."

Jack led the way into the barn. One of the two men found the bag of money with singular ease. He dragged it out and then placed it in the wagon.

"Now," said one of the officers, coolly, "what are we going to do with the stuff? Do you know who the two burglars were, Jumpin' Jack?"

"I think they are the Lynns," replied Jack.

"That settles it," cried one of the officers, making a signal to the other, who had stepped carelessly behind Jack. "We know what to do with you."

Quick as a flash, the one who had stepped behind the boy clapped his hand over Jack's mouth and then tripped him up. Jack was a child in the grasp of the two powerful men. In a thrice he was gagged and bound.

Then they threw him into the wagon, and, leaping into the seat, drove off into the night at full speed.

(To be continued)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

BLIND MAN RIDES THIRTY-SIX MILES.

Riding on horseback thirty-six miles from Boyle, Stone County, to Marshall, Ark., by way of Big Flat, James Albert Rorie, who has been blind since he was five years old, arrived at Frank Rainbolt's, near Marshall, recently. He came all the way with no one to guide him except his faithful dog. He chained his dog to the bit of his horse's bridle. The dog started out in the direction that Mr. Rorie pointed. When the dog came to the forks of a road he would trot back and forth until Mr. Rorie motioned either to the left or to the right, and then they would proceed on their journey. There are three brothers in this family who are blind, the other two being Henry and John. They go to any place they wish with no person to accompany them. Last year James Albert traveled over Boone, Marion and Searcy counties. For a number of years they have operated a broom factory near McPherson, Baxter County.

FOX HUNTING PROFITABLE.

That fox hunting is a profitable business in Middle Island, L. I., is being proven by the three champion hunters who have captured seventeen foxes this winter. Wallace Ruland, Henry Fichtner and Herbert Benjamin are the men who hold this record, and are regarded as the champion hunters on Long Island. Such a run of foxes is unusual in this vicinity, and has awakened a lively interest in every one, so that nearly every man or boy who can handle a gun is scouting the woods for Br'er Fox.

Not contented with hunting him outside, the hunters very often follow him to his hole and proceed to dig him out, and it isn't very often one gets away. If the hunter is alone he lays a white handkerchief in the mouth of the burrow and goes home after his spade. Reynard is suspicious of the handkerchief and will not come out over it. Several hundred dollars' worth of poultry have been killed by foxes in this vicinity in the past year.

SLAYS "HAUNTED" DUCK, THEN ADRIFT SEVEN HOURS.

Hunters may now pursue their sport on the marshes of San Francisco Bay without fear, for the "haunted" duck has been slain. It got its quietus from Walter Taber, a professional market hunter, and Taber is confident that he would not be alive to-day to tell of his adventure had he not taken the precaution before going out of the marshes to take his lucky "duck's bill" with him.

The duck, according to Taber, seemed to flirt with him. It was the first bird he had come upon while in his skiff off South San Francisco. Taber shot at it once or twice, but instead of winging away the eccentric fowl would settle again impudently within range. Finally Taber, irritated, fired both barrels and the duck succumbed. While trying to get the prize Taber lost both oars, and then, without duck or oars, began to drift helplessly. Seven

hours he drifted, but just at dusk off Burlingame a fisherman, John Ferrari, sighted the boat and put out two miles in his gasoline launch.

TO SAVE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

The fish and game warden of Oklahoma has addressed to the people of his State an appeal for helpful suggestions or for a definite plan whereby it might be possible to save from extinction the prairie chickens now remaining in Oklahoma.

Oklahoma was so recently settled and its game so abundant in earlier days that conservation did not become a problem until the last five or six years. Now that the prairie chicken is at the point of finally disappearing, there is much discussion as to what would be the best way to save this fine bird.

Practically all Oklahoma was once inhabited by the prairie chicken, especially the north half and the west half of the State. They were found in untold numbers, and there are men now living in Oklahoma who began the accumulation of their fortunes by hunting prairie chickens for Eastern and Northern markets.

Frank Rush, supervisor of the Wichita National Game Preserve, who lately visited different portions of Oklahoma for ornithological purposes, reports that he was able to learn of only three or four flocks east of central Oklahoma, a few birds remaining in what formerly were the Osage and Cherokee nations.

The prairie chicken in Oklahoma has retreated to the western counties that border the Texas Panhandle, being most numerous in Beckham, Roger Mills, Ellis, Woodward and Beaver counties. Across the line, in the Panhandle, where the country is more thinly settled, there are probably more prairie chickens than elsewhere in the Southwest. Texas has a rigorous law for their protection, but the automobile and the automatic shotgun are a deadly combination. By automobile, hunters are able quickly to travel long distances, penetrating to remote localities, and to leave the country quickly if necessary. Many hunting parties steal across the line and slaughter the Texas birds.

In both Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle the prairie chicken is decimated by what game conservationists would call criminal waste. For food purposes, the young chickens are best in September, usually a warm period in this latitude. Once among the flocks, which are less wary than they will be a month later, many hunters forget game bag limits and kill as many birds as they are able to bring down. Without ice, it frequently happens that the birds killed yesterday or even to-day are tainted when camp is broke. At one abandoned camp in the Panhandle last fall the carcasses of more than 200 prairie chickens were found rotting on the ground.

Unless effective protection is provided by the present Oklahoma Legislature the prairie chicken will have disappeared in this State by the end of the next two or three years.

FROM ALL POINTS

A gander on the farm of Ollie McKinney, in Saw Mill Valley, Patton Township, Pa., is attracting much interest because of a peculiar growth, resembling a horn, on its head, about an inch above its eyes. The gander is about one year old. In two weeks from the time McKinney noticed the growth the "horn" grew one and one-half inches.

Letting out his prisoners to work for wages that go to their families instead of making them hammer stones, C. S. Whipple, Rock County sheriff, is demonstrating the possibilities of the Wisconsin commitment law. During the two years the statute has been in force \$16,775.85 has been earned by prisoners in this county. Of this amount dependents of paroled persons received \$10,376.81 and the county \$1,210.41. One man was paroled for a year to his wife to conduct a clothes pressing establishment.

Joseph Celi was sentenced to wash dishes for his wife for fourteen months by Judge Howard Weist in the Circuit Court, Flint, Mich. Celi pleaded guilty to a violation of the local option law. He told the court that he had been unable to get work for fourteen months. The court then asked his wife if he did any work about the house. She said that he carried the water and coal, but that he never helped her to wash the dishes. Celi was allowed his liberty on probation and must wash the dishes.

Carl Veeck, of Petersburg, Ind., owns a duck that serves as a watchdog. The duck was hatched with four legs, and soon became a great curiosity. Whenever strangers visited in the neighborhood of the Veeck home they always called to see the duck. The duck became so sensitive that whenever it heard any one coming it would run and hide. Despite its efforts to escape it was always caught. Then it changed its tactics and whenever any one approached it would begin quacking as loud as it could. Now, whenever any one passes or tries to enter the back yard at night the duck can be heard squawking all over the neighborhood. Veeck has refused all offers to buy the duck.

One fox was captured and six escaped in the annual fox drive in Northern Tippecanoe County, Ind., recently. More than 500 men and boys took part in the round-up. They all carried noise-making devices, but clubs, dogs and guns were barred. An immense circle was formed, covering an area nearly fifteen square miles in extent. All made for a given point in the center. Despite the vigilant work half a dozen foxes inside the circle managed to get through the line. At the round-up on the William Ross farm several boys finally ran the lone remaining fox down and captured it. An auction sale was held and \$50 was derived for charity. The women of the Pleasant Grove Church served lunch to the crowd. Farmers in the vicinity of the fox drive have been losing poultry for several weeks due to visits of the hungry foxes.

Postmaster Morgan announced the extent of the reduction of the force of the New York postoffice, which he had been forced to make on account of the unsettled business conditions created by the war and the resultant decrease in revenue. He will not dismiss any one, but he will transfer to the substitute roll and temporary list seventy-nine of the regular carriers. Transfers will be made in the case of the last seventy-nine appointed, and the postmaster is confident that they will be restored to the regular list within a year. Meanwhile they will substitute for absent regular carriers. Mr. Morgan believes that the efficiency of the collection and delivery services will not be impaired, as recent changes in the business and residential sections make it possible to rearrange schedules so as to reduce the number of men without injury to the public.

Alkali Ike, deputy sheriff from the desert, was a visitor in San Diego, Cal. Alkali was looking for the white lights. By noon, having failed to discover the excitement his soul craved, he made his way into the U. S. Grant Hotel buffet and, pulling a "forty-five" that looked like one of the Kaiser's howitzers, announced that he was going to do some "cleaning." As he swung his "Krupp" around the room heads dropped behind partitions, many faces paled at visions of sudden death. Commander-in-Chief Billie Schuler tipped his cigar to a higher angle than usual and, backed by Irish and Germans, advanced on "the bad man from the sandhills." For an instant visions of carnage flashed before the eyes of the men who had sought refuge, but it quickly passed, for Schuler annexed the cannon and threw Alkali Ike to the sidewalk. Half an hour later the fire-eater was back, begging with tears streaming down his face for his weapon. "I'll be on my way to the sandhills in five minutes," he promised as he got back his gun.

The chairman of the Liverpool Underwriters' Association, in his speech at the annual meeting, said that owing to the effective work of the British fleet the losses in the war thus far to British shipping had been much less than might have been expected. After six months of war, he said, the loss to the British mercantile fleet was estimated at \$30,000,000 to \$35,000,000. It had been estimated that the losses would be \$90,000,000 in the first six months. The chairman said that the year 1915 had opened badly, with a large number of very costly losses, the figures on the books of the association showing a total of \$6,500,000 as compared with \$3,500,000 for the corresponding period of last year. The insurance of hulls on time charters was in an unsatisfactory state, and, owing to the higher cost of labor and materials, which made a large percentage of premiums disappear in claims, concerted action had been taken to raise rates moderately. Referring to war risks, he said this part of the insurance business had brought very satisfactory profits to the underwriters.

HURRICANE HAL

OR

THE BOY WHO WAS BORN AT SEA

By J. P. Richards

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER I.

WHAT HAPPENED THE NIGHT HAL WAS BORN.

"It's as wild a night as ever I see, mates, and I've been on the ocean for nigh on to forty year."

"Aye, that it is, and blowing a gale besides."

"A gale, said you? It's a reg'lar hurricane, an' Davy Jones never let a wuss one out of his locker."

"'Twas little enough we had in the first watch then, and young Tom Clews was whistling for a wind."

"Whistling, said you? Aye, he must have piped like any bos'n to get the wind that's blowing now. Wind, said I? Why, it's the worst kind of a hurricane I ever see, and I tell you I've been sailing on the ocean for nigh forty year."

Just then a boy of fourteen, bright, handsome and sturdy, burst into the fore-castle of the ship where the men were sitting and cried:

"Eight bells and the watch is called, and what do you think, mates? There's a baby boy in the cabin, born just before midnight, and his name is Hal!"

"Hurricane Hal he ought to be, then!" roared old Joe Bilgewater, "for he's born in the wust one I ever see, and I've been on the ocean for forty year!"

At that moment the ship's bell struck, and immediately afterward the boatswain's pipe was heard, and Tom Clews, the cabin boy, said:

"All hands on deck, mates, and drink the health, in a single glass of grog, of Hurricane Hal, the boy who was born at sea."

As the men hurried out on deck, the voice of Bill Trennell, the mate, was heard growling as gruffly as a fog horn in a storm.

"Now, then, you lubbers, turn out, and move sharply when you're called, or you'll all get a rope's end, every mother's son o' you!"

It was years ago, when the sea was white with the sails of swift clippers, fast packets, trading schooners and sailing craft of all kinds, and not black with the smoke of great liners, ocean tramps, coaling steamers and cruisers, as at present.

The merchant ship Billow was one of the fastest and most beautiful vessels that ever left the port of New York.

Captain Hawser was bound on a voyage to Australia, and was just rounding the Cape of Good Hope when his first son and only child, Hal, was born.

He had been married several years, and his wife had been on many voyages with him, but this was their first child, as he was destined to be their last.

The wind blew a hurricane, indeed, and as Captain Haw-

ser gathered the men about the mainmast, he had to shout to make himself heard.

"My men," he said, "I have a son, little Hal Hawser, and I want you to drink his health. Steward, grog to all hands."

Glasses, cups, tin mugs and horn measures were quickly brought out and filled, and then old Joe Bilgewater, the oldest man on board, roared in a voice of thunder:

"Here's health and long life to Hurricane Hal, the boy who was born at sea."

With one exception, all hands drained their cups.

The exception was Bill Trennell, the sour-visaged mate.

"You are not drinking, Mr. Trennell," said the captain, the mate standing in the full light of the lantern swung to the mast a little above his head.

"No," growled Trennell, "I'm not drinking health and long life to any son of yours, Hank Hawser. You stole his mother from me, and I owe you a grudge I mean to pay. Here's that the brat will cause you sorrow; that he'll be a thief and a pirate, and that he'll come to grief on the gallows."

He was about to raise his glass to his lips, when, with a cry of horror, young Tom Clews sprang forward, seized it and struck the man a blow on the forehead.

The glass was broken, and a long, red gash, from which the blood spurted, appeared just above the man's eyes.

"I won't let you drink a toast like that!" cried the boy. "I'll kill you first!" and, as he stood there under the light, trembling with excitement, he looked thoroughly capable of carrying out his threat.

The man stood aghast, and even the captain uttered an exclamation of surprise, while the mate clapped his hand to his bleeding forehead and roared:

"Put that murderous cub in irons! Strike an officer, will he? This is mutiny, and the punishment is death!"

Three or four men, as evil-looking as the mate, stepped forward to seize Tom, when Captain Hawser cried:

"Stop! I will deal with the boy myself, Mr. Trennell. You have insulted me and the boy has justly resented it. I demand an apology at once, or it is you who will go in irons, and not Tom Clews!"

"In irons, said he?" muttered Joe Bilgewater. "The end of the yardarm is too good for him."

"I won't apologize!" roared Trennell. "You cheated me out of a wife, and I wished you joy, but I made up my mind to have revenge, and I'll work evil on you and yours as long as I live. Look to your ship now, for there's a squall coming, and if you are not swamped it won't be because I don't wish it."

The squall broke almost immediately, but the captain had prepared for such an emergency, and although the vessel's masts bent under the strain, they held, and the Billow darted on over a sea all white with foam.

In the midst of the fierce gale there came a blinding flash of lightning and a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the ship from stem to stern, and then all at once there arose a cry of terror from the men.

(To be continued)

INTERESTING TOPICS

Atchison, Kan., has two men, both past eighty years of age, who never wear spectacles when they read. They are J. C. Scheibe, aged eighty-eight, and William Armstrong, Sr., eighty-two years old. Both men are among Kansas's earliest pioneers now living and are remarkably active for their age.

The Panama Canal has been open for public use six months. The total of the tolls collected since the opening has been a trifle more than \$2,000,000 to date. In January ninety-eight vessels passed through the canal, forty-four going west and fifty-four going east. Altogether they carried cargoes aggregating 500,000 tons.

To make the monster cheese that New York State will exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition took a whole day's supply of milk for twenty-five cheese factories—106,000 pounds in all. The cheese is more than six feet in diameter, nearly five feet high and weighs between five and six tons. The mould in which it was made was built up of galvanized iron hoops.

Telephonic communication between Philadelphia and San Francisco was inaugurated Feb. 11 over the Bell system by three taps of the Liberty Bell, the sound of which over the wire was the signal to a bugler in the far Western city to play "The Star Spangled Banner." The strains of the national anthem were distinctly and clearly heard by two hundred persons who held receivers to their ears in this city.

Members of the German Alliance, in Evansville, Ind., are selling iron rings at \$1 each for the benefit of the widows and orphans caused by the war in Germany. In Chicago more than 22,000 of these rings were sold at \$2 each. The selling of the rings is a custom handed down from the days of Napoleon the First. Then the wealthy women of Germany sold their gold and jewelry to swell the war fund. They bought iron rings instead.

John Bignose, an Indian living on the reserve, Tower, Minn., is the champion wolf hunter of this district. He captured a half dozen of the brutes. The forest is full of wolf tracks, but the animals are wary, and to attempt to capture them is to pit one's self against their superior cunning. Poison fails to work, and a set trap is about the only means of taking them. The recent restoration of the bounty to \$7.50 by the commissioners, supplemented by \$7.50 from the State, together with about \$5 for the fur, makes the capture of a wolf a sufficient incentive to wage a warfare on these forest robbers.

When George Wachtel, a mechanic, of West Hoboken, N. J., went to work the other morning he left his wife worrying because she had an appointment with a dentist.

When he returned late in the afternoon he found her on the floor of the living-room, a bullet-hole in her forehead and a deep slash in her right wrist. A small rifle and a carving knife were nearby. After Dr. Philip Erivitz had attended her, Mrs. Wachtel was taken to the North Hudson Hospital, where it was said she could not live. She is thirty years old. Wachtel told the police that his wife had several teeth extracted recently and that more were to have been extracted. He said that she had complained of the pain and had said she didn't see how she could bear to go to a dentist again. The police recorded the case as attempted suicide.

The discovery has just been made in the central portion of the French Congo of a race of pygmies hitherto totally unknown. The members of the race are said never to surpass 1.5 meters, about 4 feet 9 inches, in height. According to La Revue, they live entirely isolated in the territory of Mongimbo. They build huts of hemispherical shape in the forest in groups of from 5 to 30. The chief is an old man who exercises absolute and hereditary authority and elects his own successor. They follow a curious custom as to food, the women subsisting on edible roots, while the men live on the products of the chase. According to a legend among them, the former are descended from a hedgehog and the latter from a toad. They have vague notions of good and evil and have a certain cult of the dead, whom they inter with much piety. They are valiant in the defense of their liberty and independence.

The smallest boy scout in the world lives at Blue Springs, Mo., just a little way from Kansas City. His name is Arthur Portwood. He is exactly twenty-nine inches high and weighs thirty-five pounds. Arthur is fourteen years old and in the sixth grade in school. He is the Tiny Tim of the Blue Springs Boy Scouts and goes with them on all their hikes. "Course, sometimes they carry me," he explained gravely; "my legs are so short I can't keep up with them when they go fast; but they always take me with them, and I attend every meeting." His size does not bother Arthur a bit. He is not at all sensitive about it. When a visitor entered the room where he sat in a baby's rocking chair by the fire, intent upon getting every mouthful from a big Jonathan apple, Arthur immediately stood up. "I expect you want me to stand up?" he said sedately, and rose from the little chair. "Most folks want to see how big I am when I stand up, you see." "Well, Arthur," said a friend, "I expect you'd like to have me give you a sack of nice candy, wouldn't you?" "Just use your own judgment about that, sir," said Arthur quickly. "I certainly would appreciate the candy, if you choose to present me with it." Which indicates his care in language and his appreciation of his friends and what they do for him.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

THREATENED SENATOR.

An irate anti-Prohibitionist has threatened the life of Senator Sheppard of Texas. The letter, unsigned, was postmarked Washington. It reads:

"Fiend Sheppard: Your days are numbered and you will pay for your Prohibition views with your life. The people of the district are not going to put up with your despotism, and I am willing to go to the electric chair for the satisfaction of killing a devil like you. I have no interest in the liquor business and do not drink except a glass of wine often at dinner, and you have no right, legal or moral, to deprive me of it.

"Do away with saloons, but let a gentleman enjoy a glass of wine in his own home. You cannot deprive the people of their rights and expect to live. So make your peace with your Maker, and right soon, too.

"ONE WHO WILL DIE FOR LIBERTY."

QUEER HAPPENINGS.

Charles Taylor, who, when arrested, pretended to be deaf mute, was sentenced to three years.

John Schnibbe, Bronx grocer, snipped short at four feet six, found guilty of employing minor, George Abele, fifteen, who is five feet eleven.

"Drunks may snore peacefully in Municipal Lodging House, while needy woman who cannot stand snoring is arrested," says Winifred Duncan to court.

Subscription blanks are found substituted for \$139 in bills hidden away by Dr. Haskell's maid, at No. 962 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn.

Morris Klein, dyer, of N. No. 72 Norman avenue, Brooklyn, informs police some miscreant is dyeing his branch stores indelible green.

Brooklyn jury of men retires and acquits maid, Mary Preston, on theft charge; whereupon thirty-six schoolgirls in court vote 20 to 16 to convict.

Arthur Greissler, of No. 435 Riverside Drive, calls his mother-in-law in Ross, Cal., on long distance and she hears his talking machine.

Tiring of his kisses, she says, Mrs. Kate Karpinsky, No. 40 Scholes street, Brooklyn, asks court to put Pinkus Garfinkel under bonds.

Eagle alights on Hastings, N. Y., school campus and Emma Van Nostrand, teacher, lectures pupils on bird.

Robert Hammet, No. 105 DeKalb avenue, Brooklyn, tries to sell rochelle salts as cocaine and gets six days in jail.

In clothing of Robert Foley, caught below Fulton street "dead line," police find, neatly hidden, diamond ring, locket and earrings worth \$1,500.

Firemen called to rescue Albert Wilson, of Boston, who is caught by one heel in revolving door at Paterson, N. J., postoffice.

Nathan Graham, Yonkers, mistook Miss Anna Lee for his sister, slapped her and was fined \$25.

Oldest Indian game chicken used as substitute for watchdog seventeen years by Garret Greene, died in Pas-saic, N. J.

FRANK JAMES DIES AT 74.

Frank James, one of the last surviving members of the notorious James robber gang, died on his farm near Excelsior Springs, Mo. James, who was 74 years old, had been in ill-health several months and was stricken with apoplexy. He had been living the life of a farmer for more than thirty years.

The son of a minister, Frank James joined Quantrell's Guerrillas in the civil war, together with his brother Jesse, and took part in the sacking of Lawrence, Kan. When the war came to an end they were hunted far and wide by relatives of those who had met death at their hands. Driven here and there, they soon became outlaws. Many notorious crimes of the decade following the war have been laid at the door of the James-Younger gang, of which the surviving members were Frank James and Cole Younger, the latter of whom is now living at Lees Summit, Mo. Among these deeds were:

Raid on the Commercial Bank at Liberty, Mo., in 1866. One bank defender was killed and \$70,000 was stolen.

Looting of the Russellville, Ky., bank in 1868, for \$17,000.

Bank robbery at Gallatin, Mo., in 1868, in which the cashier, Capt. John W. Sheets, was murdered.

Robbery of a bank at Columbia, Ky., in which R. A. G. Martin, cashier, was killed. This was in 1872.

Raid on a bank at Corydon, Iowa, in which \$40,000 was stolen in 1873.

The wrecking and robbing of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific train near Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1873. The engineer was killed, the fireman wounded and several passengers injured.

Box office in the Fair Grounds at Kansas City, Mo., was robbed of \$9,000 in daylight in 1873.

Detectives surrounded the James home near Kearney, Mo., on Jan. 25, 1875, and threw a lighted bomb into the house, thinking to kill the James brothers. It exploded, tearing the arm off their mother and killing their brother Archie.

In 1882, after Jesse James had been shot and killed in his home in St. Joseph, Mo., by Charles Ford, also a bandit, for a reward of \$50,000; Frank James surrendered in Jefferson City, Mo.

After his surrender James was taken to Independence, Mo., where he was held in jail three weeks, and later to Gallatin, where he remained in jail a year awaiting trial. Finally James was acquitted and went to Oklahoma to live with his mother. He never was in the penitentiary and never was convicted of any of the charges against him.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1915.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

Nearly all the moleskins used for making the fur garments that are now so fashionable are imported from Europe. But the Scientific American remarks that American farmers may turn the pest of moles into a source of profit, as the United States supply a skin actually superior to that of the foreign animal.

Electricity is being employed with success at a Detroit coke oven for the purpose of removing tar from artificial gas in the purifying process. The gas is passed through a highly-ionized field, which is produced by a high-tension discharge of current ranging as high as 80,000 volts, with the result that the tar forms in large drops, which are then easily separated.

Margaret Allison, aged eight, is one of the youngest printers in Nashville, Ind. Each evening, on her way home from school, she stops at the Democrat office, where she makes from 50 to 75 cents setting type at 20 cents a thousand. One galley of the type she set by hand in three hours. Mr. Allison, father of Margaret, is one of the fastest compositors in this part of the State.

E. H. Carter, of Wahpeton, N. Dak., has an old relic of bygone days in a Bible, published in Windsor, Vt., in 1812, by Merrifield & Cochran, at "The Sign of the Bible." This book is 103 years old. It was the property of a great uncle of Mr. Carter, who evidently had made an exhaustive study of the Bible, as was evidenced by the copious marginal notes and references in old-fashioned handwriting.

The latest novelty in the line of a receipt for goods was "sprung" on L. A. Beaudreau, No. 160 West Cotton street, Fond du Lac, Wis. A short time ago Mr. Beaudreau missed five members of his feathered family from the coop in his back yard, and all efforts to find the thief were vain. The latter, however, apparently had a sense of etiquette, for, upon opening his front door a few mornings later, the owner found a package containing the legs of the missing chickens, evidently a card of appreciation of the excellent meals lately served at the table of the night prowler.

Two light tenders at Point San Lucas, the southerly end of Lower California, were saved from death by starvation recently by L. C. Hansen, first officer of the Pacific Mail steamer Newport. Hansen said he would take a line ashore. He rode breaker after breaker on a surfboard until he finally was cast up exhausted on the shore. Hansen was unable to move for several minutes and the two lighthouse men were too weak from lack of food to haul on the line that Hansen brought them. After a rest Hansen was able to heave in the line, which brought a double line from the boat, and to this was attached a series of life-buoys with the food made fast to them in water-tight cans.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"And do you expect to follow in the footsteps of your father when you grow up?" asked the good man. "Naw," replied Tommy, "me fader is de legless wonder in de museum."

M. Crapaud—Ah! So zis ees your leetle son? He look to be similaire to you. Popley—Yes, he's very much like me. M. Crapaud—Ah! How do you call eet? "A cheep of ze old blockhead," ees eet not?

Jottery Jim—Wot's the good of cacklin' like a old woman? Why don't yer call a spade a spade and—Weary Williams—Wot? Not me. I've never been near enough to a spade to call it anythin', and don't mean to.

"Miss Ethel," he began, "or Ethel I mean—I've known you long enough to drop the 'Miss,' haven't I?" She fixed her lovely eyes upon him with a meaning gaze. "Yes, I think you have," she said. "What prefix do you wish to substitute?"

At a political meeting an excited Irishman rose to express his satisfaction. "Sit down!" called the man behind him, pulling at his coat-tails. "Don't you know you're opaque?" "And that I'm not!" cried the other. "I'm O'Brien!"

Robert was in the kitchen hammering away: "carpentering," he called it, and making a great deal of noise. When suddenly the noise ceased, mamma called out to him: "What's the matter, Robby?" "I hit the wrong nail," sobbed a stifled little voice.

Proud Mother—You will be five years old to-morrow, Willie, and I want to give you a real birthday treat. Tell me what you would like better than anything else? Willie—Bring me a whole box of chocolate creams, mother, and ask Tommy Smith to come in and watch me eat them.

Sammy was not prone to overexertion in the classroom, therefore his mother was both surprised and delighted when he came home one noon with the announcement, "I got 100 this morning." "That's lovely, Sammy!" exclaimed his proud mother, and she kissed him tenderly. "What was it in?" "Fifty in reading and fifty in 'rithmetic."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

MAKES COUNTERFEIT COINS IN CELL.

Edgar Houldcroft, who was released from the Ipswich Jail (Mass.) after serving a sentence for drunkenness, was arraigned before a Federal commissioner on a charge of passing counterfeit coins, and admitted having made them in his cell. Houldcroft carried a money belt in which were a large number of quarters and nickels. In his pockets were found two moulds which he utilized in his cell at times when he was supposed to be making ornaments.

STOLE TO BE A LAWYER.

Pleading that his reason for stealing a bicycle with two companions was the desire to secure money for another law book, Frank Regine, a bootblack, of Paterson, N. J., had the sympathy of the court. The boy pleaded guilty to the charge.

"What have you to say?" asked Recorder Carroll.

"Please, judge," said Regine, "I only did it to get money for another law book. Gee, it must be nice to be a lawyer and wear nice clothes and do as you please."

Recorder Carroll decided to encourage Regine and permitted all three to go after they promised to pay \$1.50, the amount realized from the sale of the bicycle.

FUSES FOR EXPLOSIVES.

Fuses, such as are used for setting off charges of dynamite in digging subways and tunnels, and for explosive shells in warfare, are prepared very simply in several different ways. One old form was made by soaking a loosely-wound cord for ten minutes in a boiling solution of acetate of lead. Another form is a cotton cord impregnated with chromate of lead.

The fuse invented by Bickford in 1831 consists of a fine thread of black powder inclosed in three envelopes of thread, and soaked in pitch or rubber, according to the use to which it is destined.

One of the most commonly used fuses to-day is made by letting a fine stream of black powder run from the small end of a funnel into an envelope of hemp, thick but not much twisted, the powder falling in as fast as the hemp is twisted. This tube is then inclosed in a mesh of fine cotton, twisted in the direction opposite to that in which the hemp was twisted. The whole is held together with glue or pitch. This is very flexible and burns at the rate of one centimeter a second.

SCHOOL FOR WAR CRIPPLES.

A school in which mutilated soldiers may learn suitable trades and employments is the latest scheme of M. Malvy, the minister of the interior, who recently made the announcement that part of the National Convalescent Institution at St. Maurice on the Marne, founded by Napoleon III. in 1857, will henceforth be devoted to the instruction

of soldiers prevented by the loss of limbs from following their former trades.

The Petit Journal publishes an interview with Dr. Bourrillon, director of the St. Maurice Institution and one of the promoters of the idea, who says:

"We have 900 beds, with 200 more at the Vacassis annex. I purpose to begin immediately the construction of the workshops, etc., required for the instruction, which will be individual and suited to each case of mutilation. I cannot yet say how far the institution will support the totally disabled, but I can assure you that this point has not been ignored in our plans."

Commenting on Mr. Malvy's announcement The Intransigeant calls attention to the cardinal feature of the treatment of the mutilated—that there is in France great scarcity of artificial limbs, most of which have hitherto been imported from Germany. The Intransigeant hopes that official efforts to supply the deficiency will take precedence of the less pressing question of instruction for future employment.

TO FORM 24-MILE LAKE.

A dam 50 feet high that will flow the west branch of the Penobscot River back twenty-four miles and merge three lakes in one is to be built this spring by the Great Northern Paper Company at the head of Ripogenus Gorge, a narrow, rocky chasm, through which the river flows, or rather tumbles, for three miles between perpendicular cliffs 100 feet high, with a drop in that distance of more than 200 feet.

Before anything could be done toward the construction of this dam it was necessary to build a highway through the wilderness from the shore of Moosehead Lake at Lily Bay to the gorge of Ripogenus, which begins at the foot of the lake of the same name, as in no other way could the cement and other materials be transported to the site. Two years have been occupied in building this road. The dam will create a lake twenty-four miles long and nine miles wide, swallowing up Ripogenus, Chesuncook and Caribou lakes and flowing out great tracts of timberland.

It is estimated that 40,000 to 60,000 horsepower can be developed at the gorge, but the dam is to be constructed primarily for the purpose of increasing the water storage capacity of the west branch. The company that is to build the new dam already has created storage at Chesuncook Lake by means of a timber dam, estimated at 10,000,000,000 cubic feet, which will be increased by the new dam to 24,000,000,000 feet, while at Twin Lakes, some distance below, there has been created a storage of 15,000,000,000 feet. Together, these storage basins will furnish a uniform flow throughout the year sufficient for the operation of the great pulp and paper mills at Millinocket and East Millinocket, where 1,200 to 1,500 men are employed and two thriving villages have grown up.

DEVILINE'S WHISTLE.

Nickel plated and polished; it produces a near-piercing sound; large seller; illustration actual size. Price, 12c. by mail.

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TRICK COIN HOLDER.

The coin holder is attached to a ring made so as to fit anyone's finger. The holder clasps tightly a 25-cent piece. When the ring is placed on the finger with the coin showing on the palm of the hand and offered in change it cannot be picked up. A nice way to tip people. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

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THE HELLO PUZZLE

Can you get the ring off? This puzzle is the latest creation of Yankee ingenuity. Apparently it is the easiest thing in the world to remove the ring from the block, but it takes hours of study to discover the trick, unless you know how it is done. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c.; 3 for 25c.

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TRICK FAN.

A lady's fan made of colored silk cloth. The fan may be used and then shut, and when it opens again, it falls in pieces; shut and open again and it is perfect, without a sign of a break. A great surprise for those not in the trick. Price, 35c. by mail, postpaid.

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FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

THE SURPRISE FOUNTAIN PEN

A novelty of the greatest merit! It looks just like a genuine fountain pen. But it isn't. That's where the joke comes in. If

you take off the cover, a nice, ripe, juicy lemon appears. Then you give the friend you lend it to the merry "ha-ha." You might call it an everlasting joke because you can use it over and over again. Price, by mail, postpaid, 10c.

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they will be unable to open it. Price by mail, postpaid, 25c. each.

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TRICK PUZZLE

PURSE.—The first attempt usually made to open it, is to press down the little knob in the centre of purse, when a small needle runs out and stabs them in the finger, but does not open it. You can open it before their eyes and still

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Fun for everybody with one of these handsome brutes. His body is 3 inches long, beautifully enamelled green, with white ridges, yellow speckles, bulging eyes, and a big red mouth. He is armed with six legs and two upright feelers, made of flexible spiral springs. A dark, invisible thread attached to his body lets you shake him in the air before your friends' eyes, when the legs wiggle in a most natural, lifelike manner. Guaranteed to make any lady howl and to scare the bravest hero on earth out of his boots.

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To all appearance it is a harmless piece of coiled paper with a mouth-piece attachment, but upon placing it to one's mouth, and blowing into the tube, an imitation snake over two feet in length springs out of the roll like a flash of lightning, producing a whistling, fluttering sound that would frighten a wild Indian. We guarantee our rattlesnake not to bite, but would not advise you to play the joke on timid women or delicate children. Each snake packed in a box. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed postpaid.

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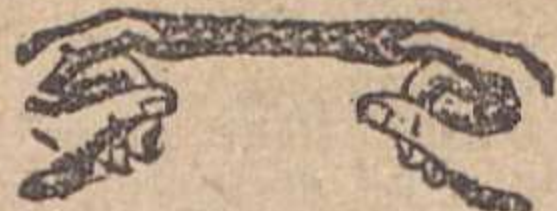
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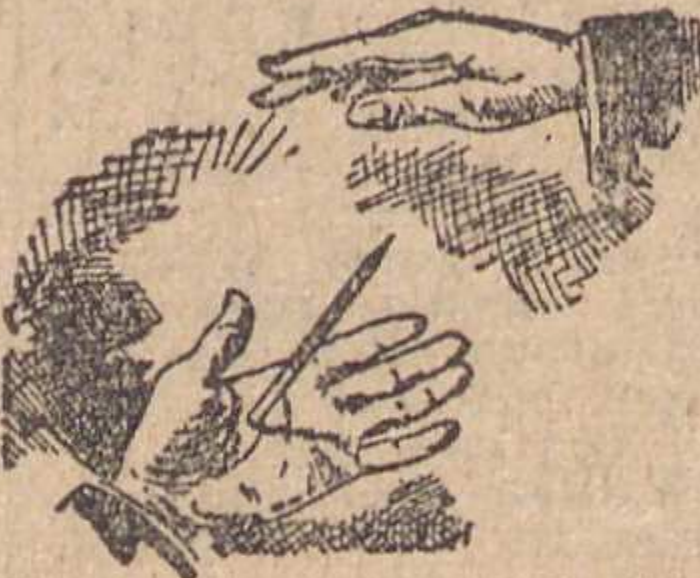


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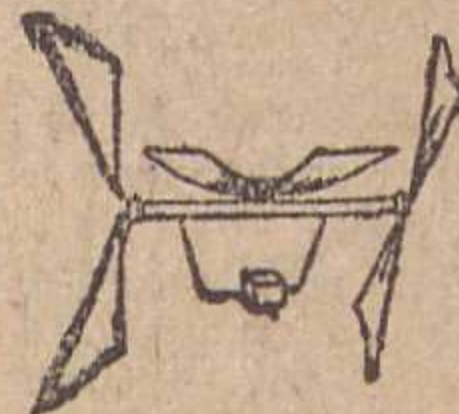
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